

HE  
CRIME  
CLINIC

STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

# THE CRIME CLINIC

ANC

The Strange Case Of  
The  
**DUMMY KILLER**

No. 11  
SEPT.-OCT.

10c



Crooks Are No Heroes  
**BIG BROTHER'S  
HEARTBREAK**

A Dr. Rogers' Story  
**MURDERER'S  
NIGHTMARE**

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



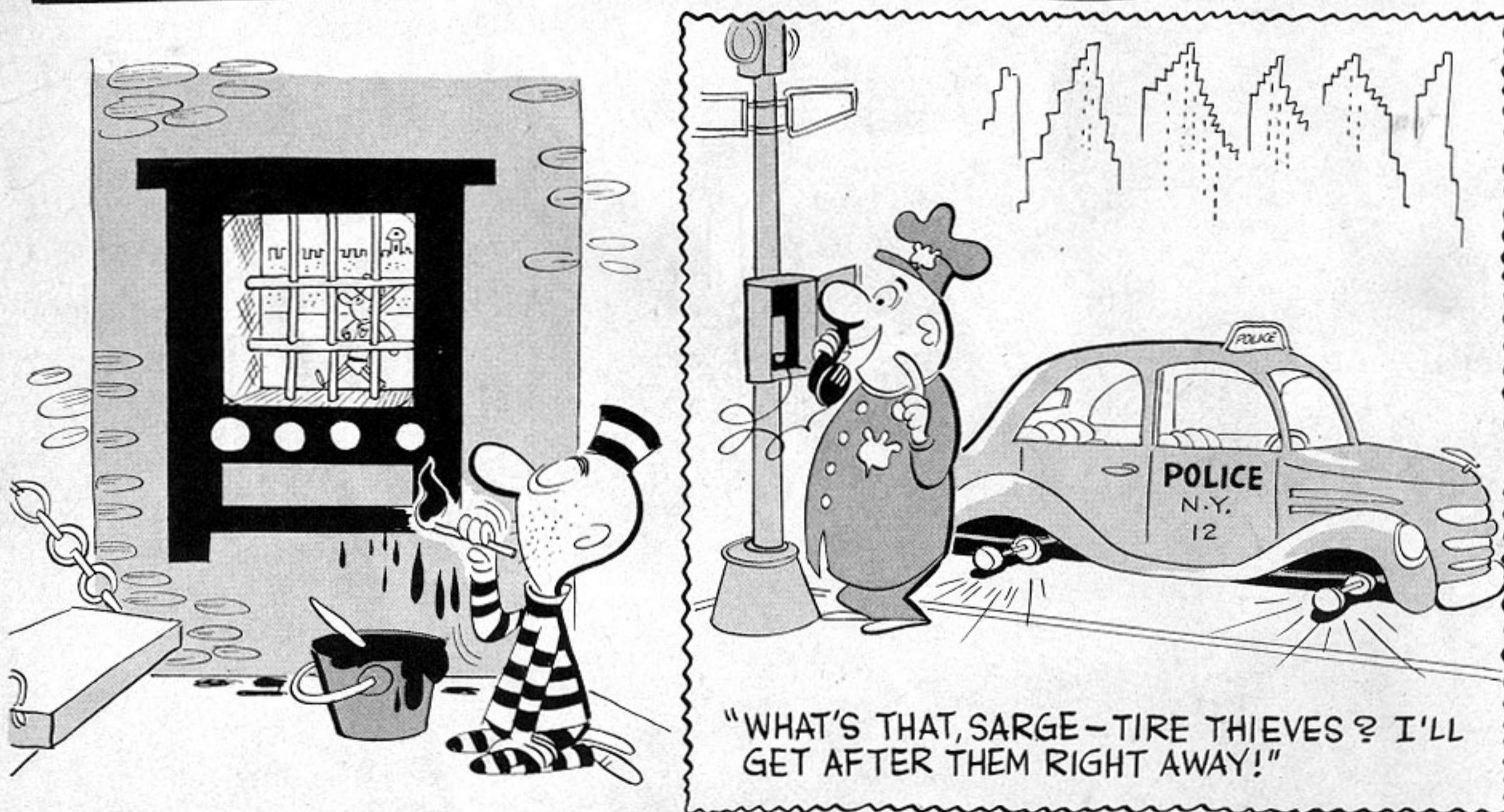
# IT'S A CRIME !



"WHAT ARE YOU ANGRY ABOUT? I JUST WON THE JACKPOT FOR YOU!"



"BILLS!"



"WHAT'S THAT, SARGE - TIRE THIEVES? I'LL GET AFTER THEM RIGHT AWAY!"

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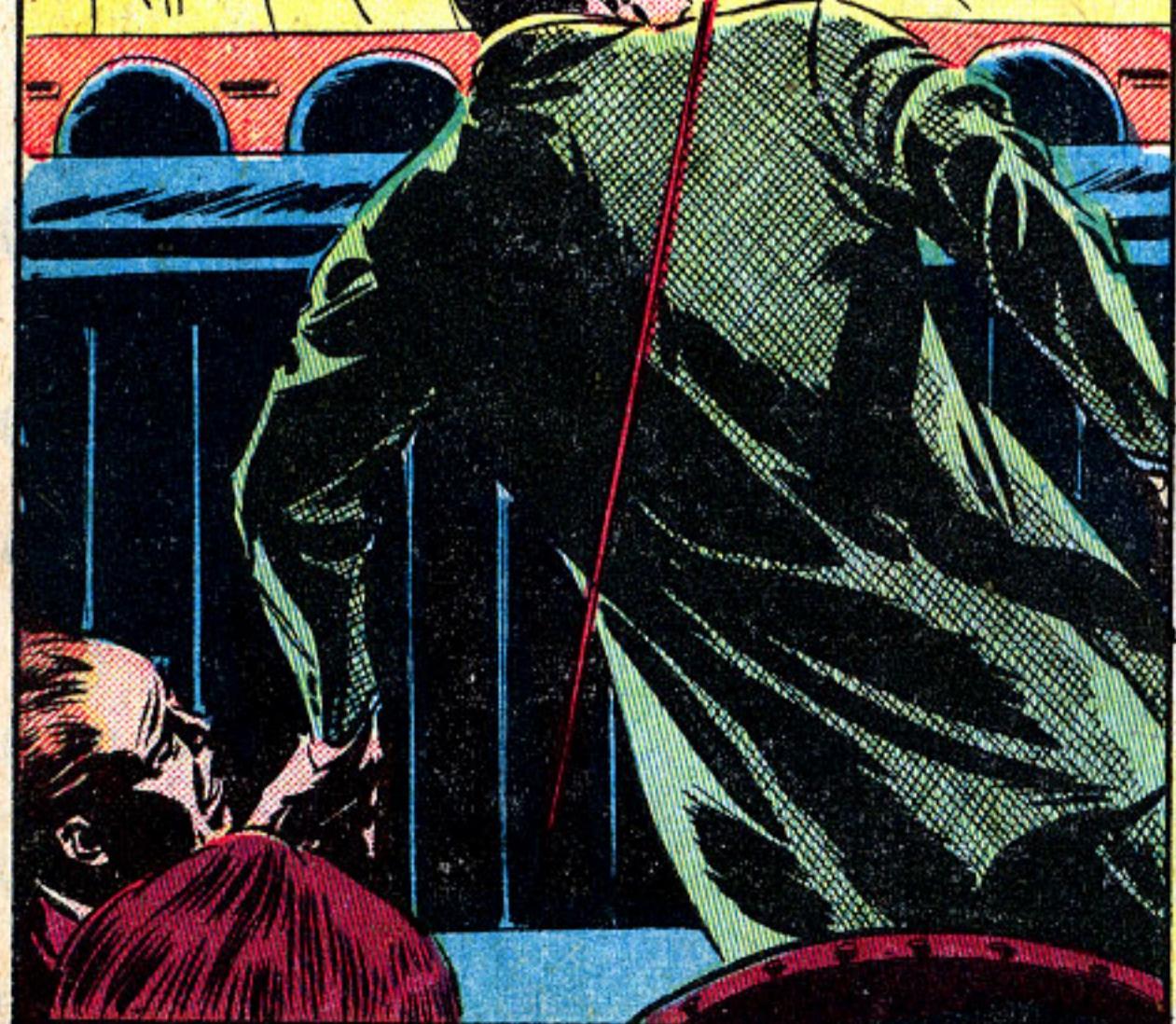
# THE CRIME CLINIC

*Starring DR. TOM ROGERS*

NOW, CARLOS—  
PUT THAT GUN  
AWAY!

WHY, FERNANDO,  
I THOUGHT I'D START  
THE SHOW WITH  
A BANG!

FERNANDO THE  
*Great!*



TWO WERE DEAD, AND MORE WERE MARKED FOR DEATH! WHAT WAS THE SILENT MENACE LURKING BACKSTAGE AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE?

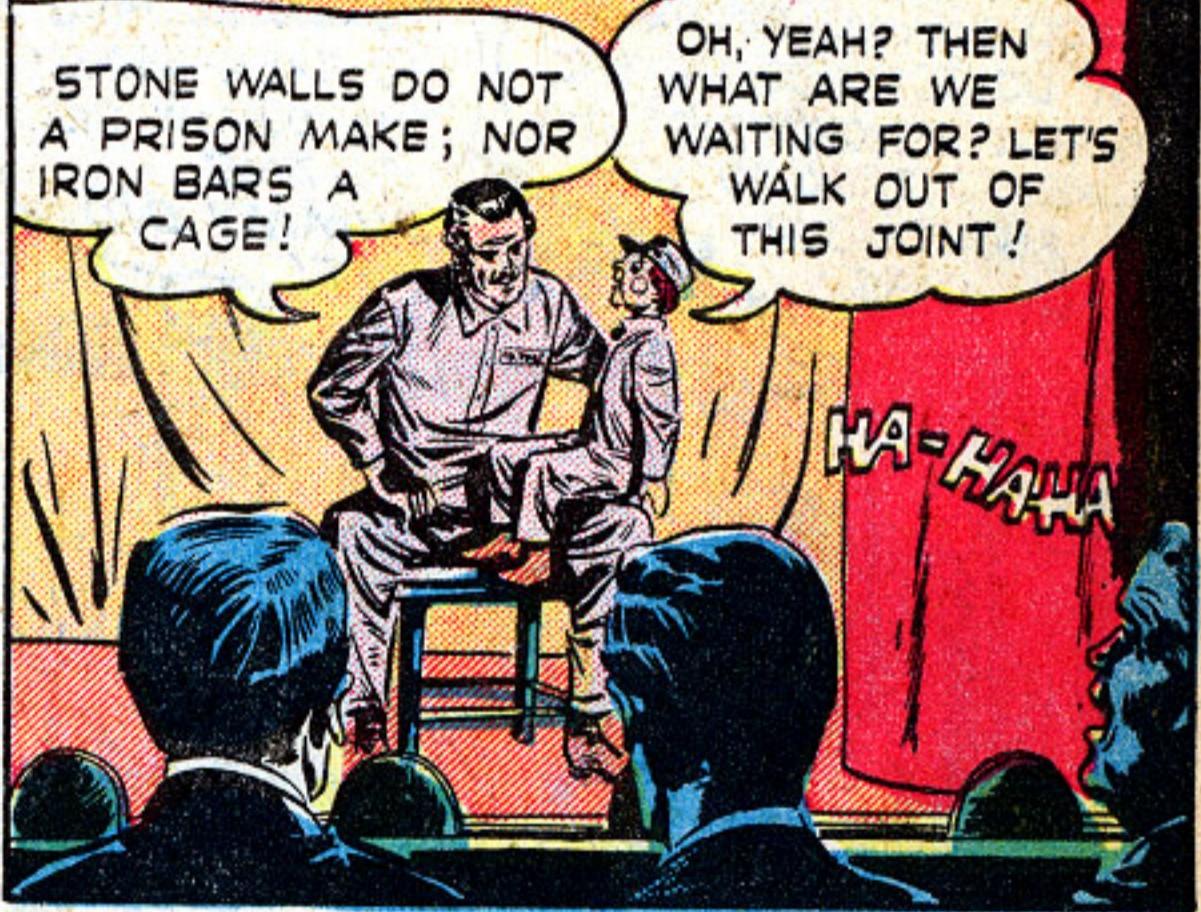
WAS FERNANDO THE GREAT A GHoul OR A SAINT? IN THIS STRANGEST CASE OF MY CAREER, I WENT GUNNING FOR THE ANSWERS, MATCHING WITS WITH

**"THE DUMMY KILLER!"**

"ONE EVENING, WARDEN SIMMS INVITED ME TO ATTEND A STAGE SHOW PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF STATE PRISON.

STONE WALLS DO NOT  
A PRISON MAKE; NOR  
IRON BARS A  
CAGE!

OH, YEAH? THEN  
WHAT ARE WE  
WAITING FOR? LET'S  
WALK OUT OF  
THIS JOINT!



"AFTER THE SHOW I ACCOMPANIED WARDEN SIMMS TO HIS OFFICE."

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE  
INMATES SO CHEERFUL.  
FERNANDO WAS MARVELOUS  
TONIGHT. IT'S HARD TO  
BELIEVE HE'S ACTUALLY A  
MURDERER!

WELL, HE IS!  
HE HAD A FAIR  
TRIAL AND HE  
WAS  
CONVICTED!

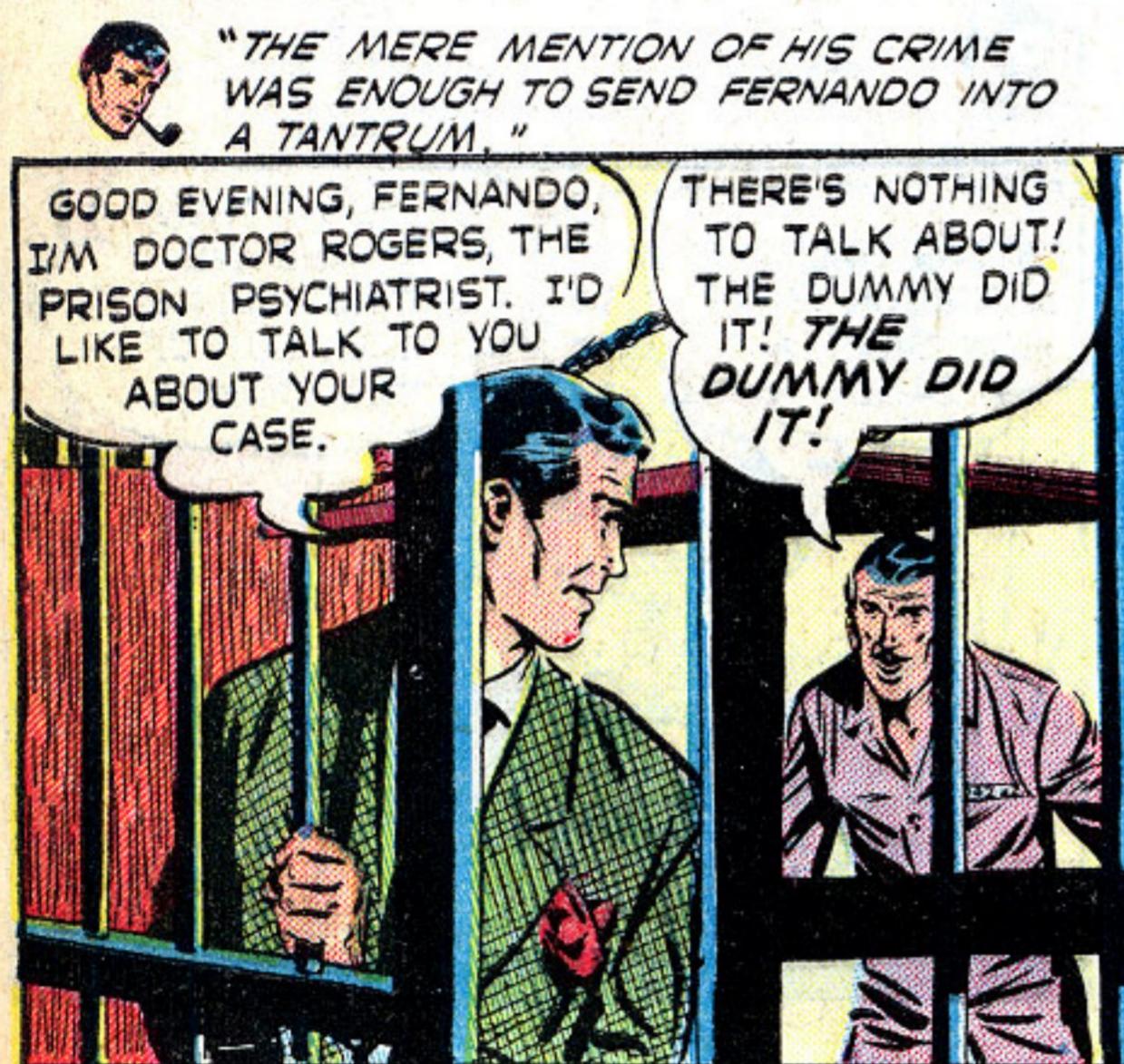


FERNANDO STILL SAYS HE DIDN'T DO IT. HE INSISTS HIS DUMMY COMMITTED THE MURDER!

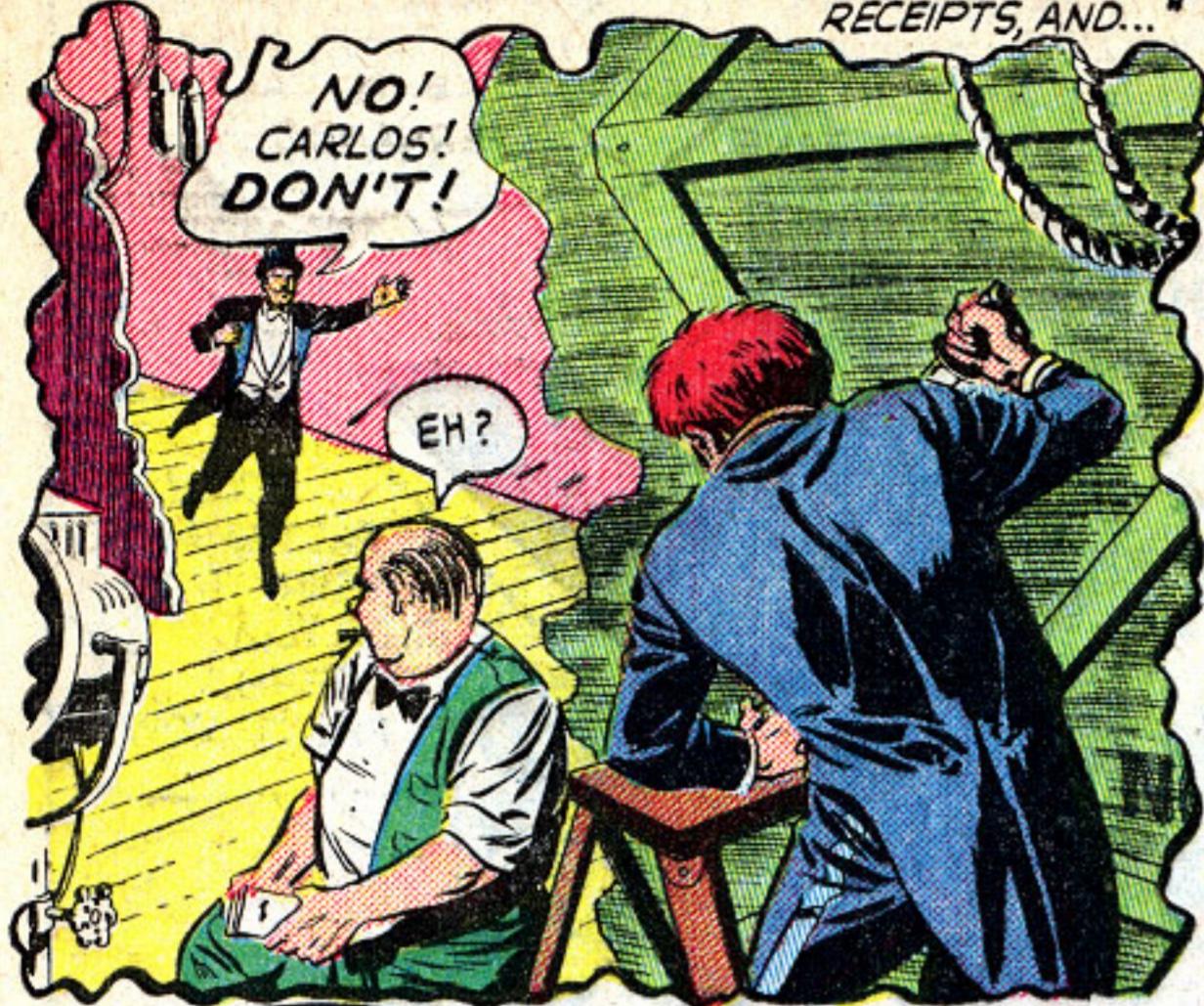
WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS! THEY GAVE FERNANDO A COMPLETE MENTAL EXAMINATION, AND THE DOCTORS SAID HE WAS SANE.

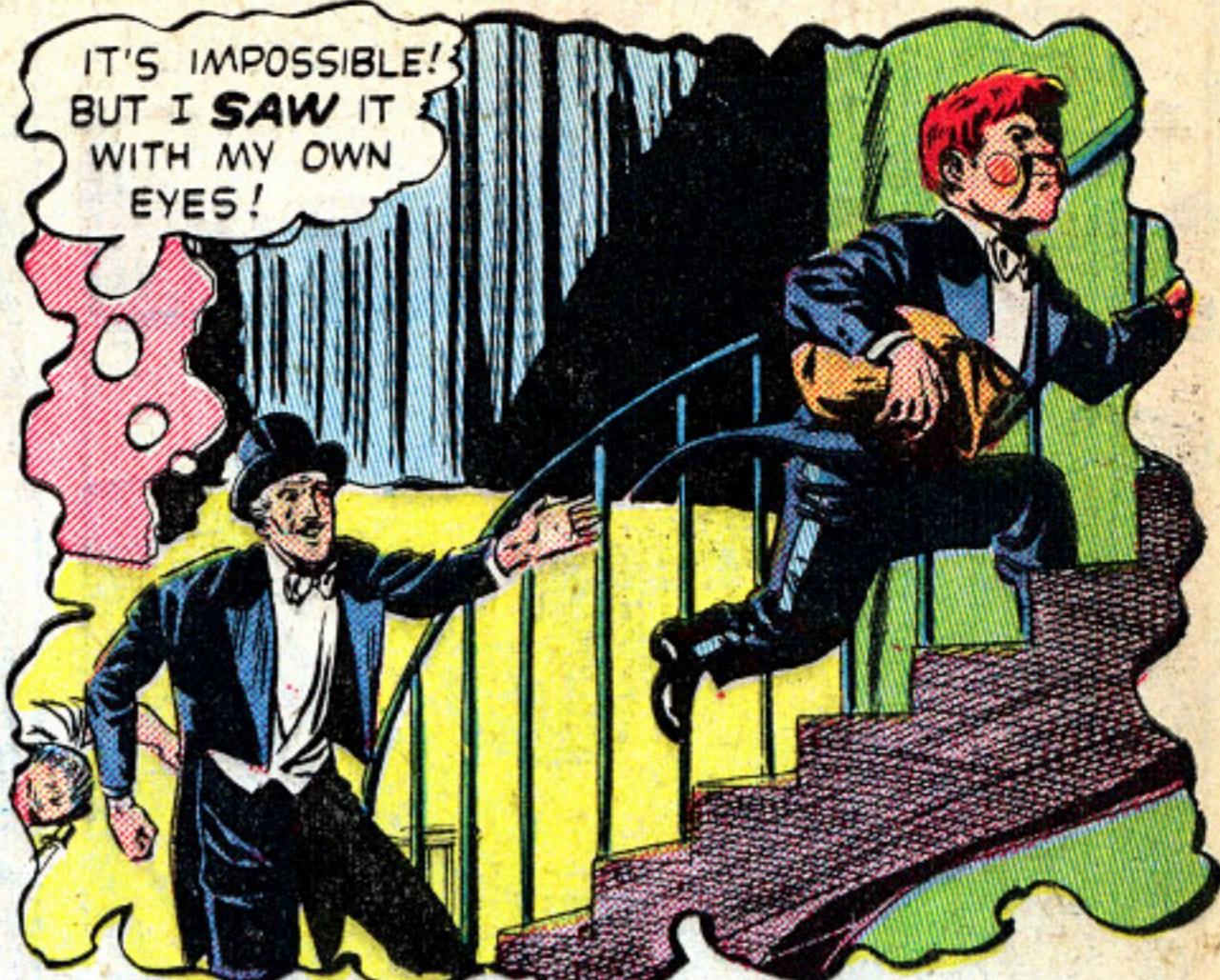
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, WARDEN! HMM... IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO FERNANDO.



"BEFORE I COULD REACH CARLOS, THE THEATRE MANAGER CAME PAST WITH THE BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS, AND..."



"CARLOS KILLED HIM, AND RAN OFF WITH THE MONEY!"



"THE DUMMY DROPPED OFF THE ROPE AND DIS-  
APPEARED INTO THE BACKSTAGE SHADOWS. I  
PURSUED HIM. FINALLY..."



"AFTER HEARING FERNANDO'S STORY I RE-  
TURNED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE."

WELL, DOC, DID YOU  
CONVINCE FERNANDO  
HE CAN'T GET OUT  
OF PRISON BY  
FAKING INSANITY?

HOLD IT, WARDEN!  
GOT A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU!



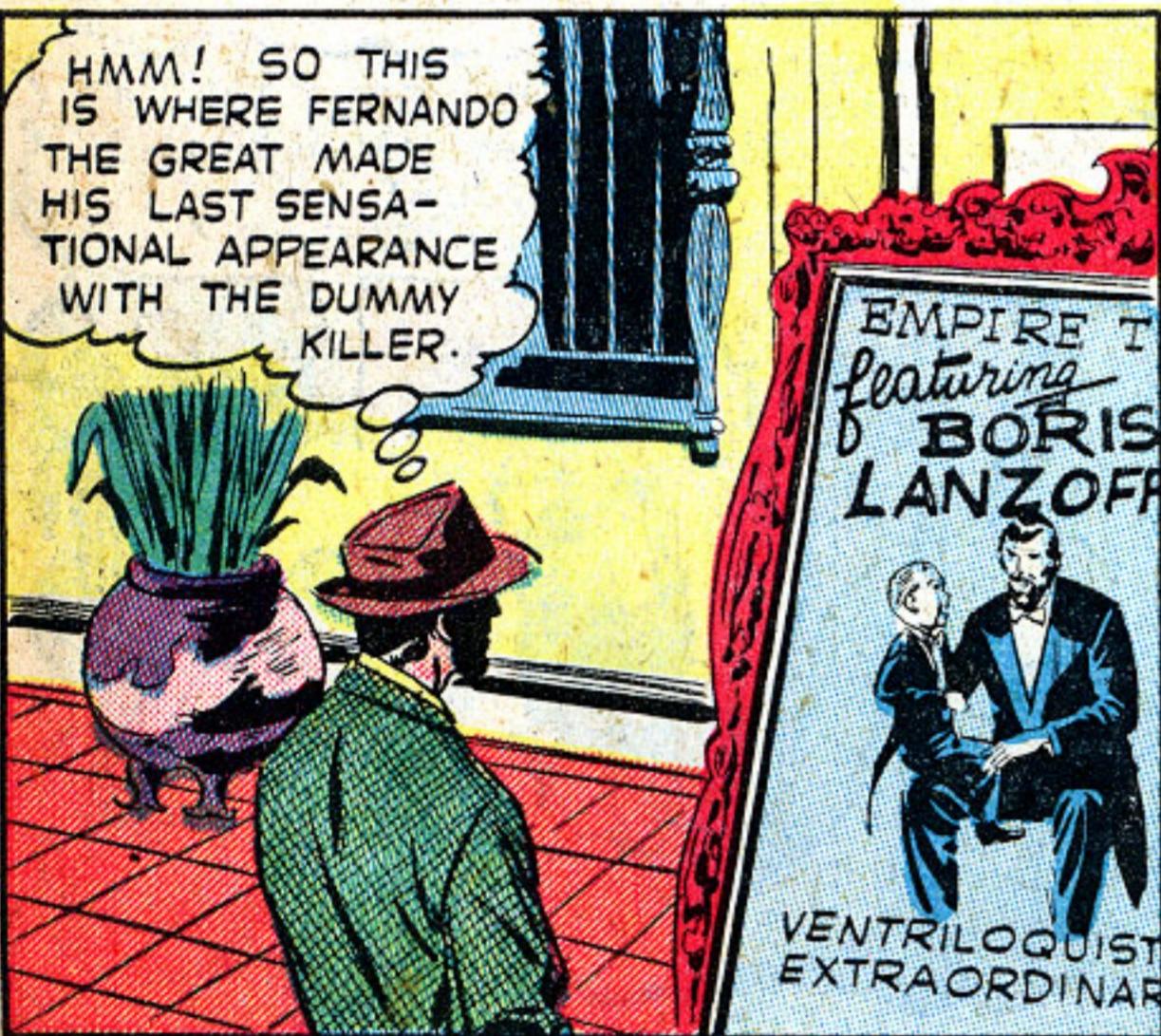
I BELIEVE FERNANDO'S STORY! I THINK THE DUMMY DID DO IT!

OH, NO, DOC! YOU OF ALL PEOPLE!



"AND ON MAY 13TH, WHICH, INCIDENTLY, TURNED OUT TO BE ON A FRIDAY..."

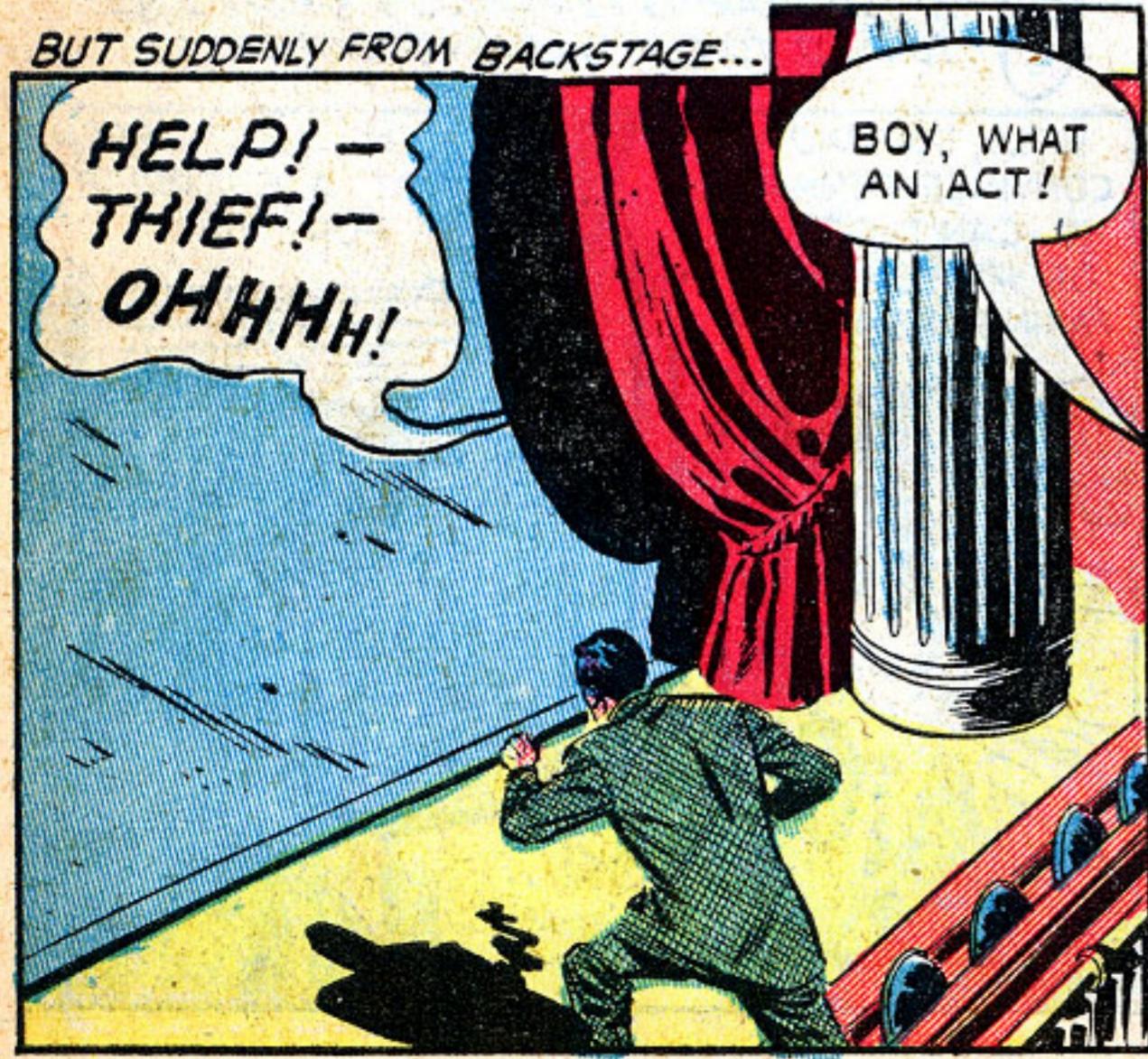
HMM! SO THIS IS WHERE FERNANDO THE GREAT MADE HIS LAST SENSATIONAL APPEARANCE WITH THE DUMMY KILLER.



BUT SUDDENLY FROM BACKSTAGE...

HELP! - THIEF! - OHHHH!

BOY, WHAT AN ACT!



"I COULDN'T CONVINCE HIM. THE WARDEN HAD DECIDED THAT THE CASE WAS CLOSED, SHUT TIGHT. BUT I COULDN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND UNTIL..."

THE NEXT VENTRILOQUIST ACT WE'RE BOOKING AT THE EMPIRE? LET'S SEE... MAY 13TH!

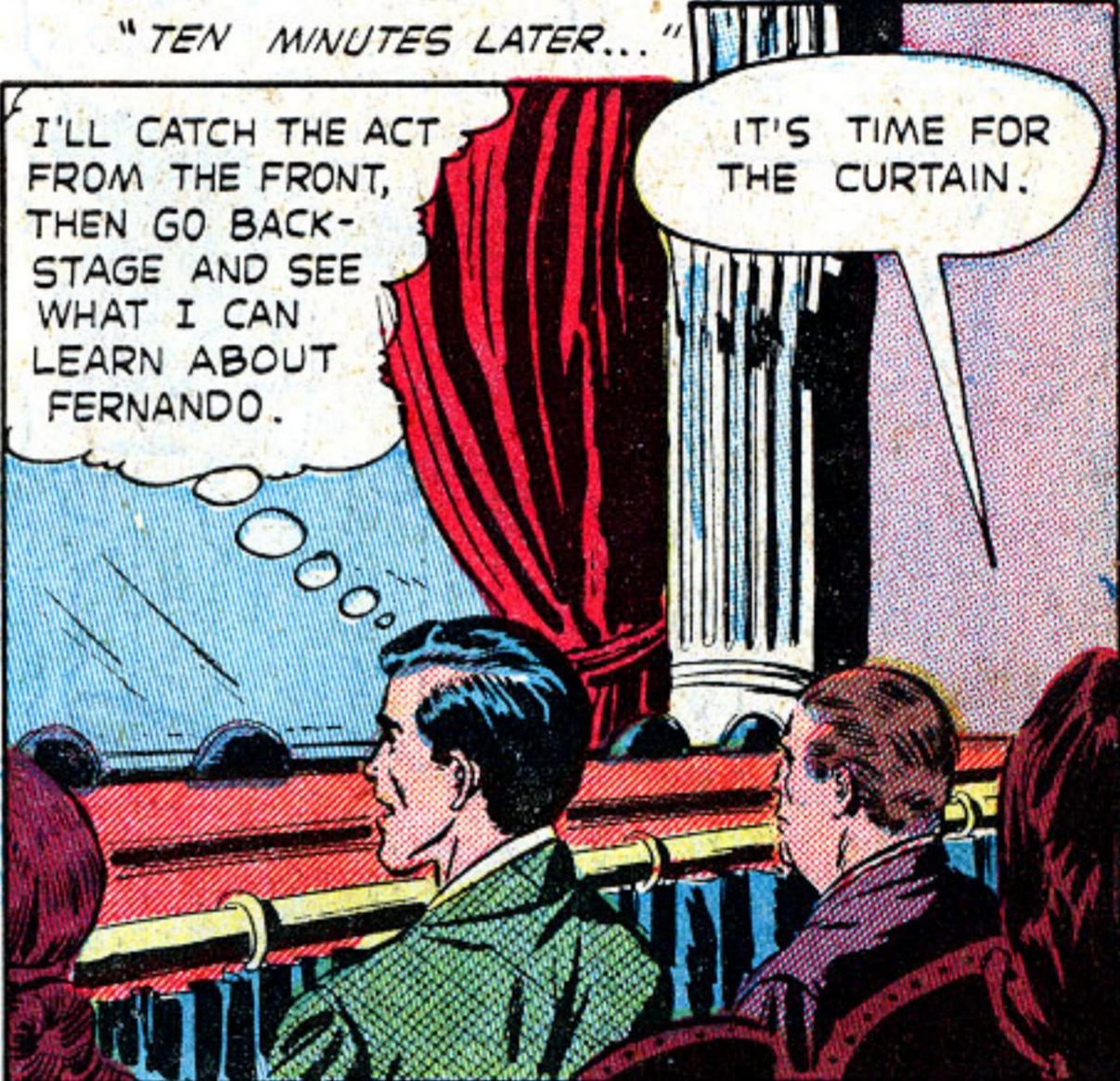
GOOD! PLEASE MAKE A RESERVATION FOR DR. TOM ROGERS. FRONT ROW!



"TEN MINUTES LATER..."

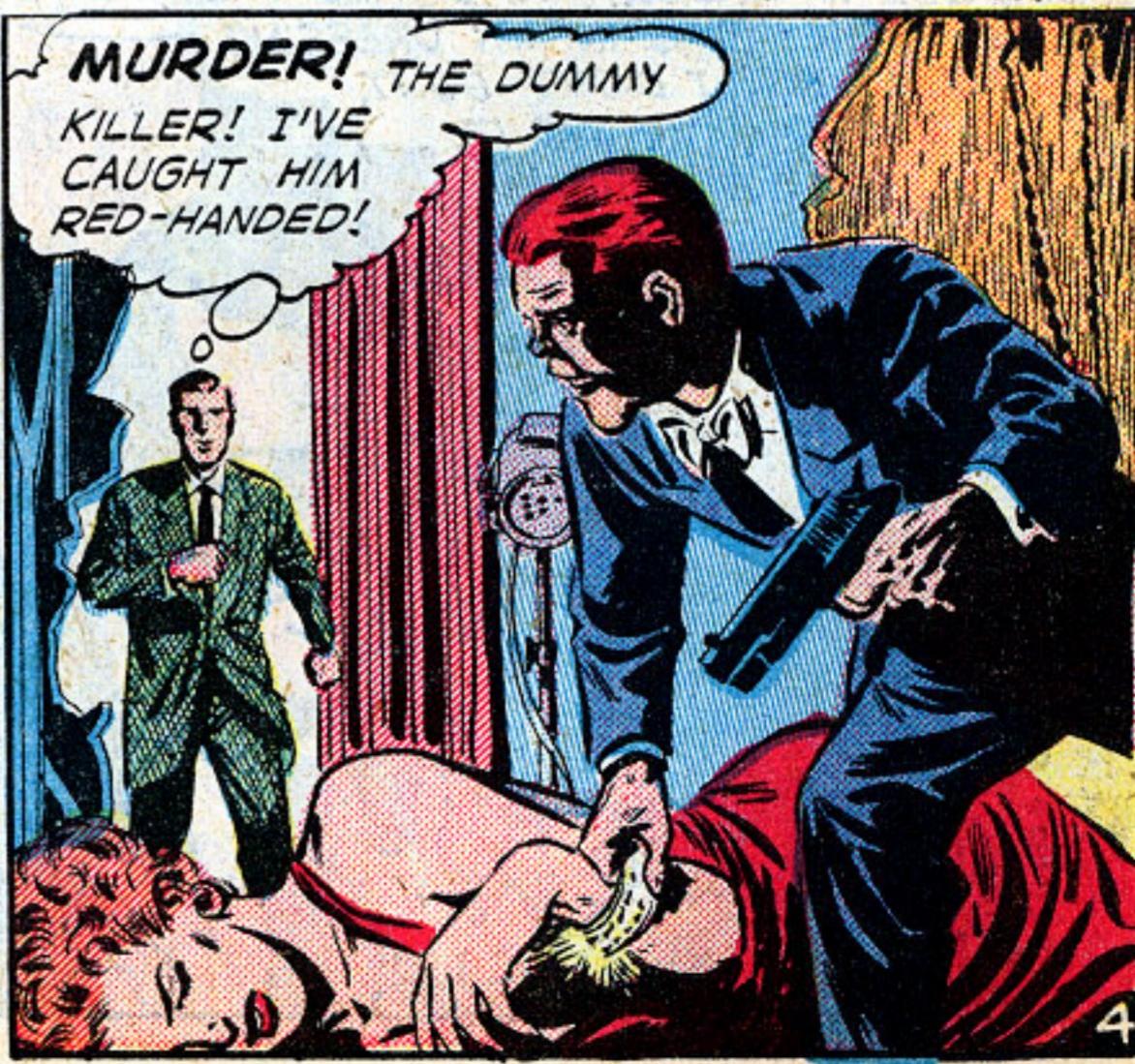
I'LL CATCH THE ACT FROM THE FRONT, THEN GO BACKSTAGE AND SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN ABOUT FERNANDO.

IT'S TIME FOR THE CURTAIN.



"BUT THIS WASN'T AN ACT. IT WAS..."

MURDER! THE DUMMY KILLER! I'VE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED!

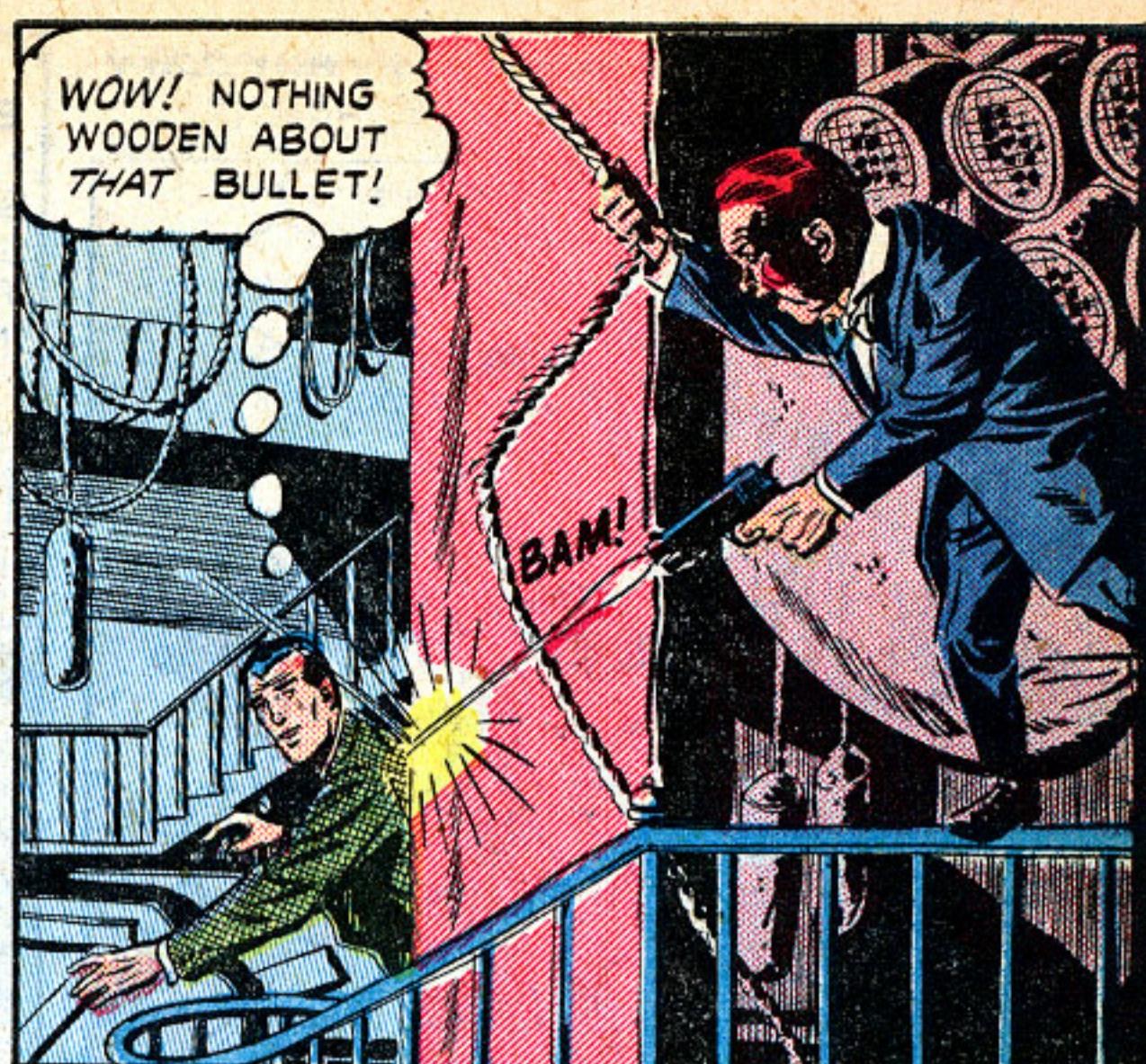


**STOP!**

AND THEY THOUGHT  
FERNANDO WAS CRAZY!  
NOW HERE I AM.  
GIVING ORDERS  
TO A WOODEN  
DUMMY!

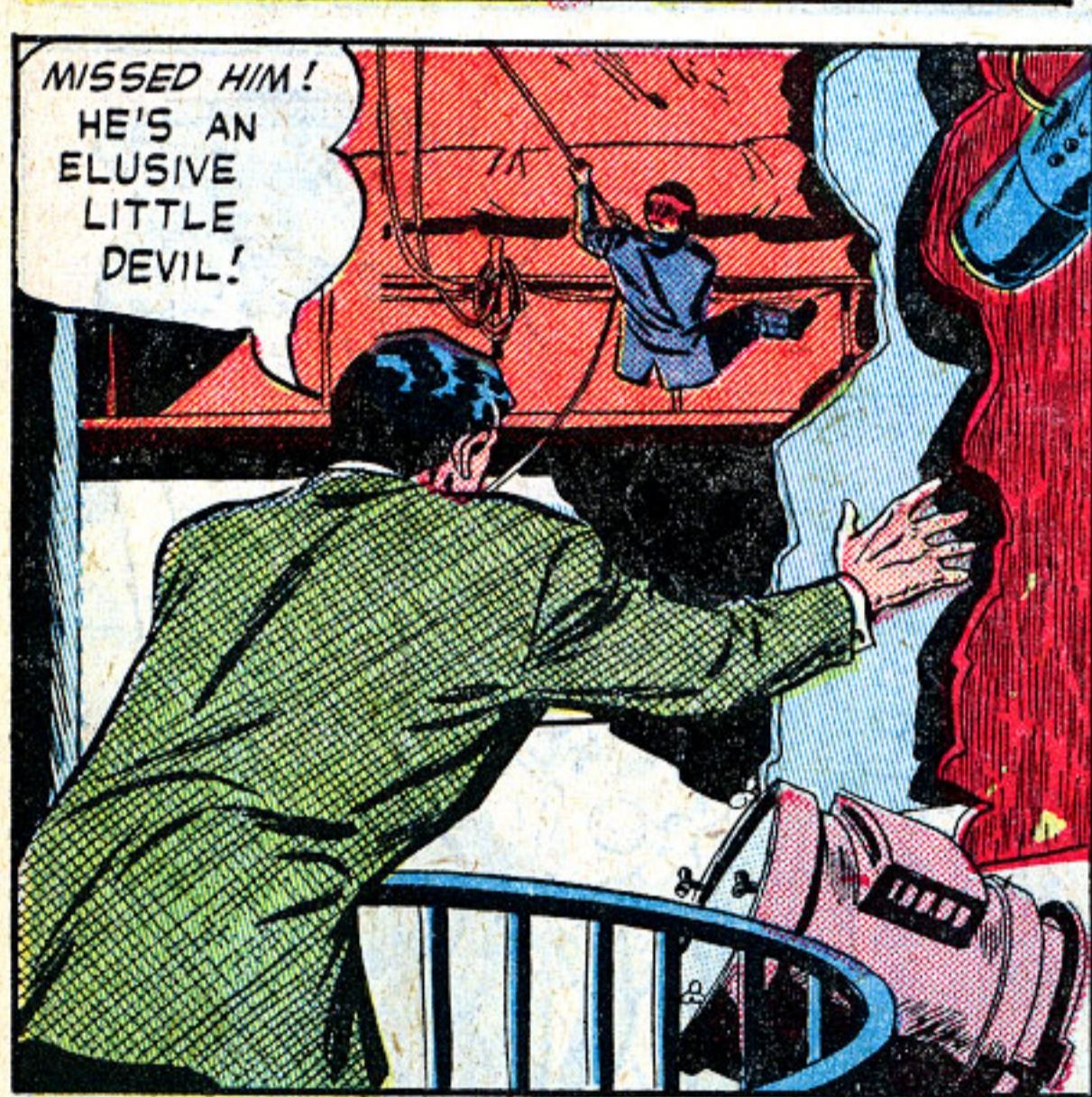


WOW! NOTHING  
WOODEN ABOUT  
THAT BULLET!



MISSSED HIM!

HE'S AN  
ELUSIVE  
LITTLE  
DEVIL!

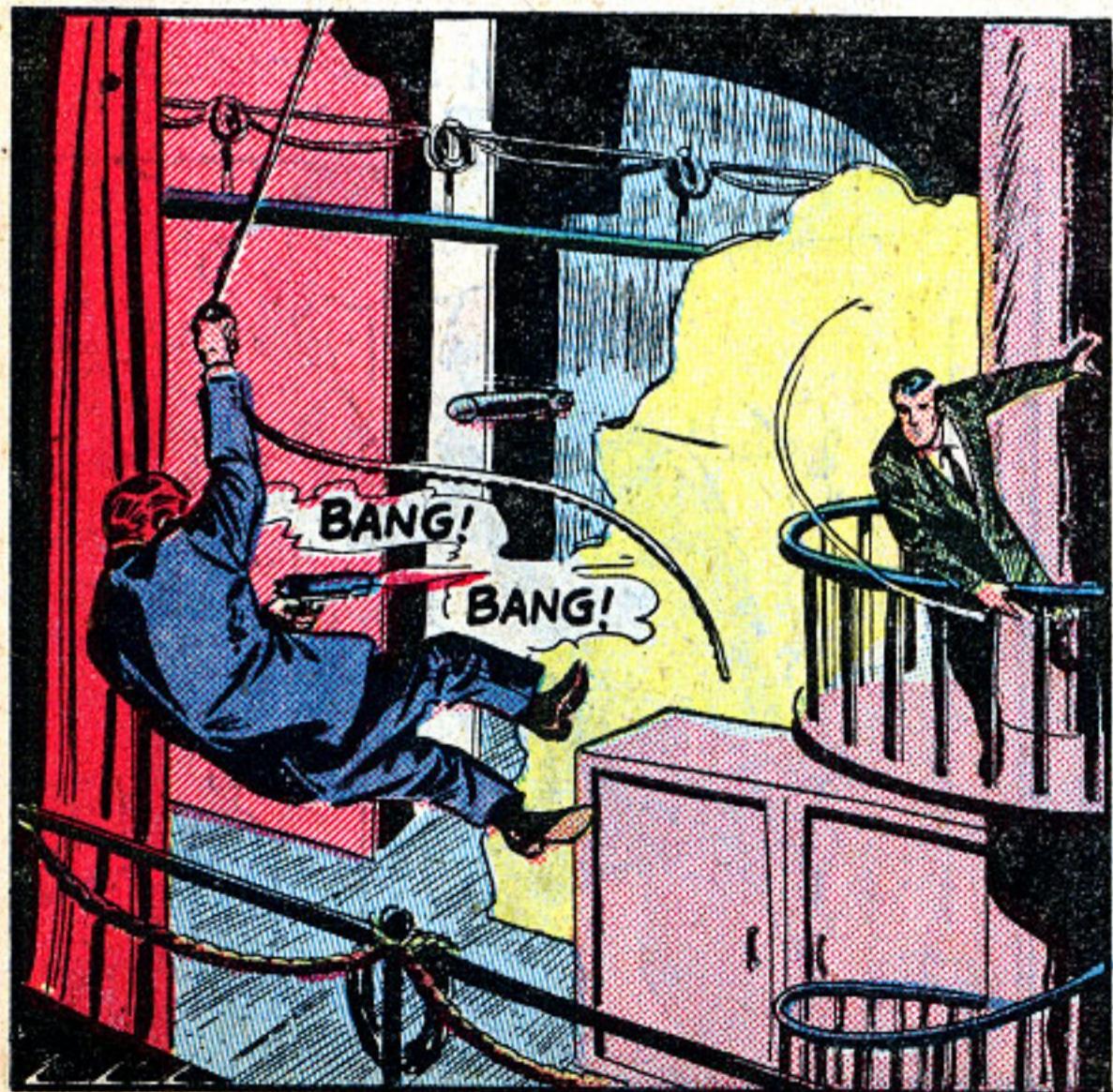


WHAT A TIME TO  
BE CAUGHT WITH-  
OUT A WEAPON —  
AH, A  
SASHWEIGHT!

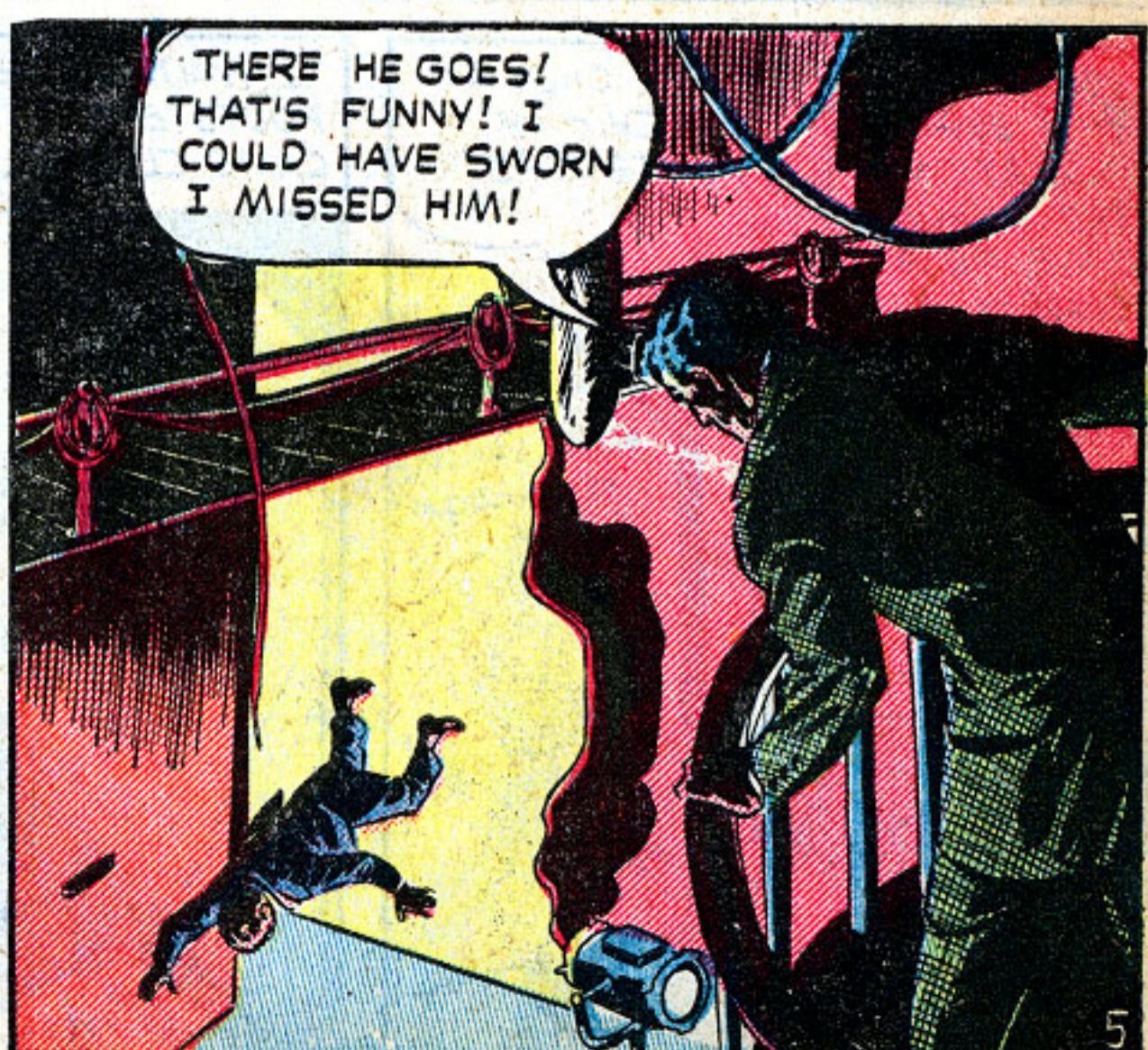


BANG!

BANG!



THERE HE GOES!  
THAT'S FUNNY! I  
COULD HAVE SWORN  
I MISSED HIM!





"BY THE TIME I WORKED MY WAY DOWN,  
THE POLICE WERE THERE, AND..."

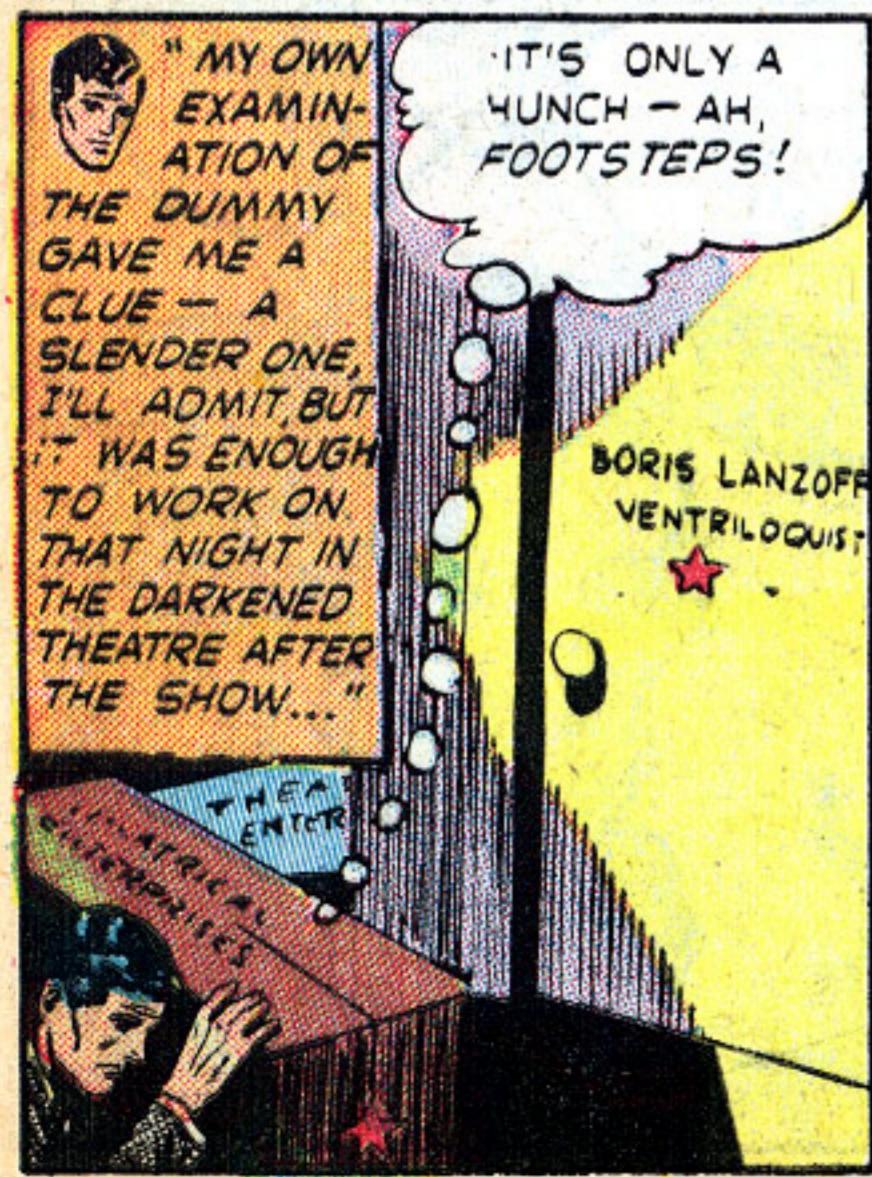
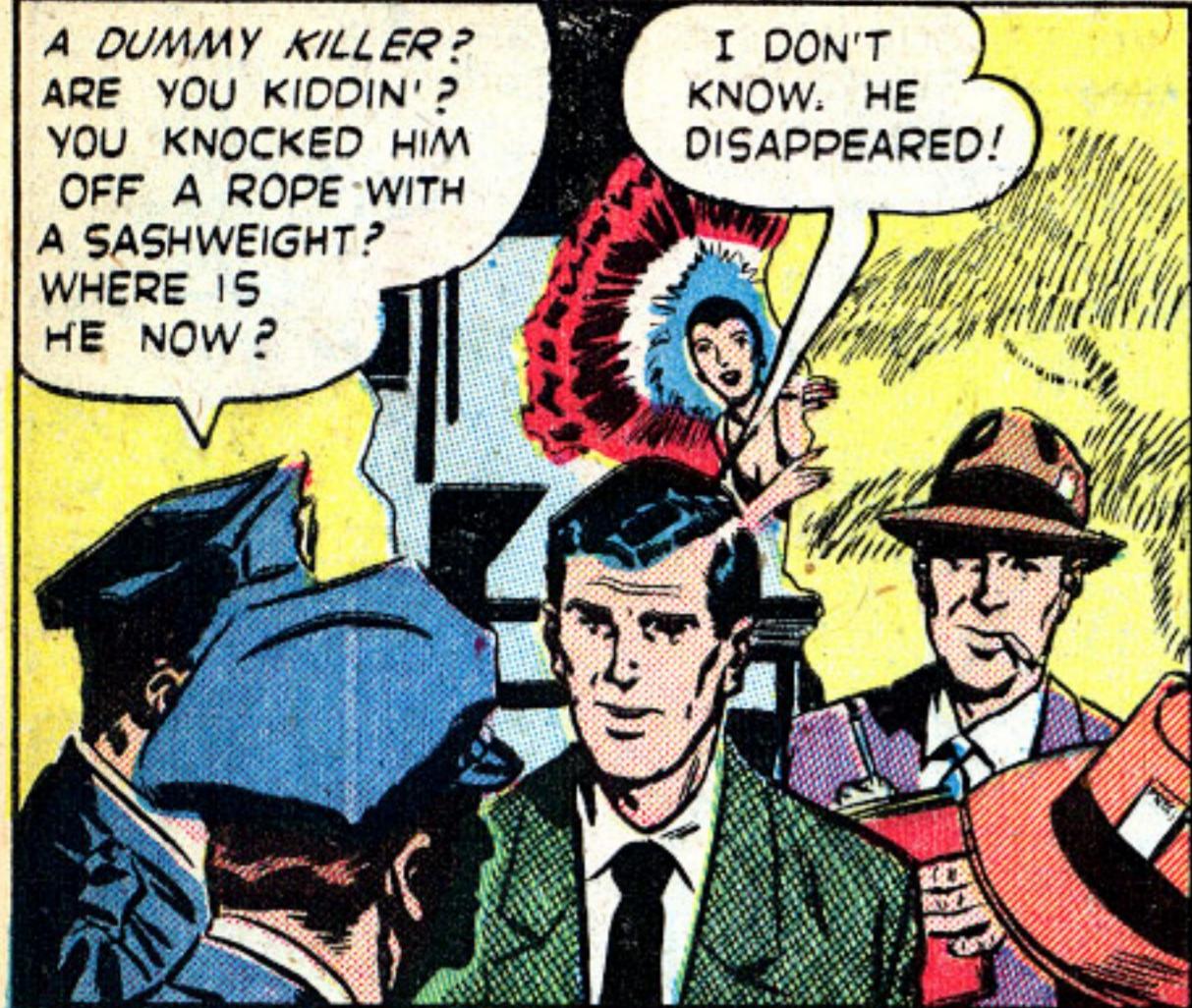
A DUMMY KILLER?  
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?  
YOU KNOCKED HIM  
OFF A ROPE WITH  
A SASHWEIGHT?  
WHERE IS  
HE NOW?

I DON'T  
KNOW. HE  
DISAPPEARED!

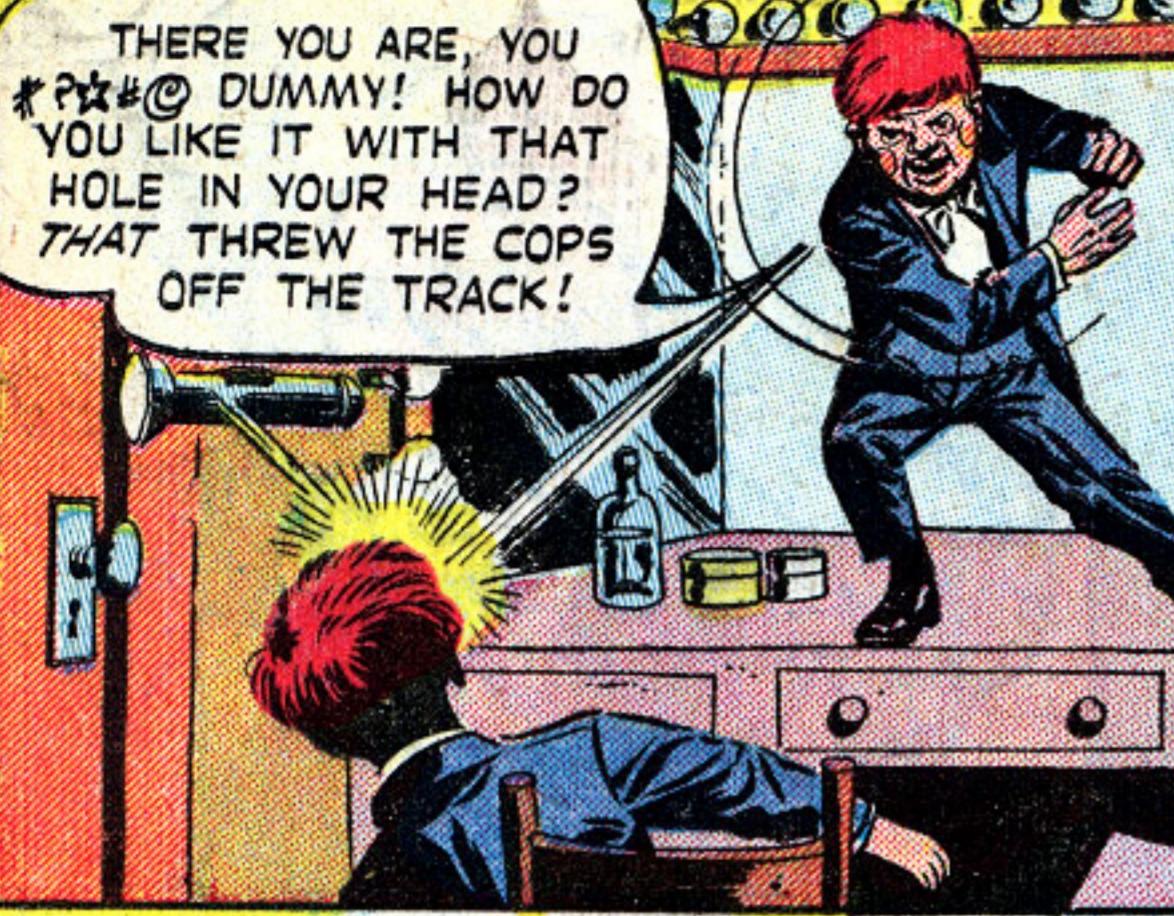
SO DID THE DIAMOND  
BRACELET! THE

MURDERED DAME WAS  
SUE CALDWELL, THE SINGING  
SHOWGIRL. THE MORNING  
PAPERS WILL BE SCREAM-  
ING THE STORY.

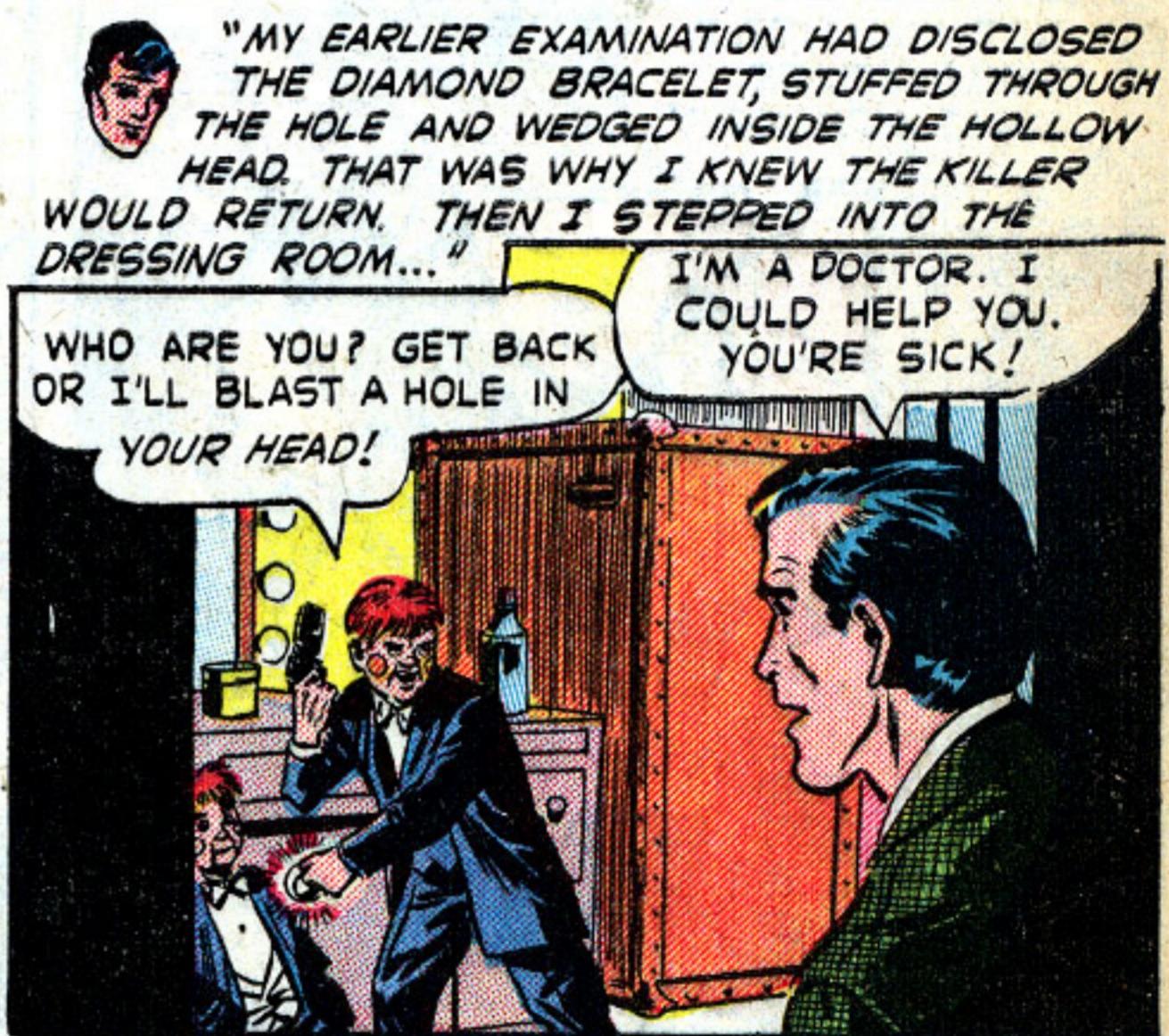
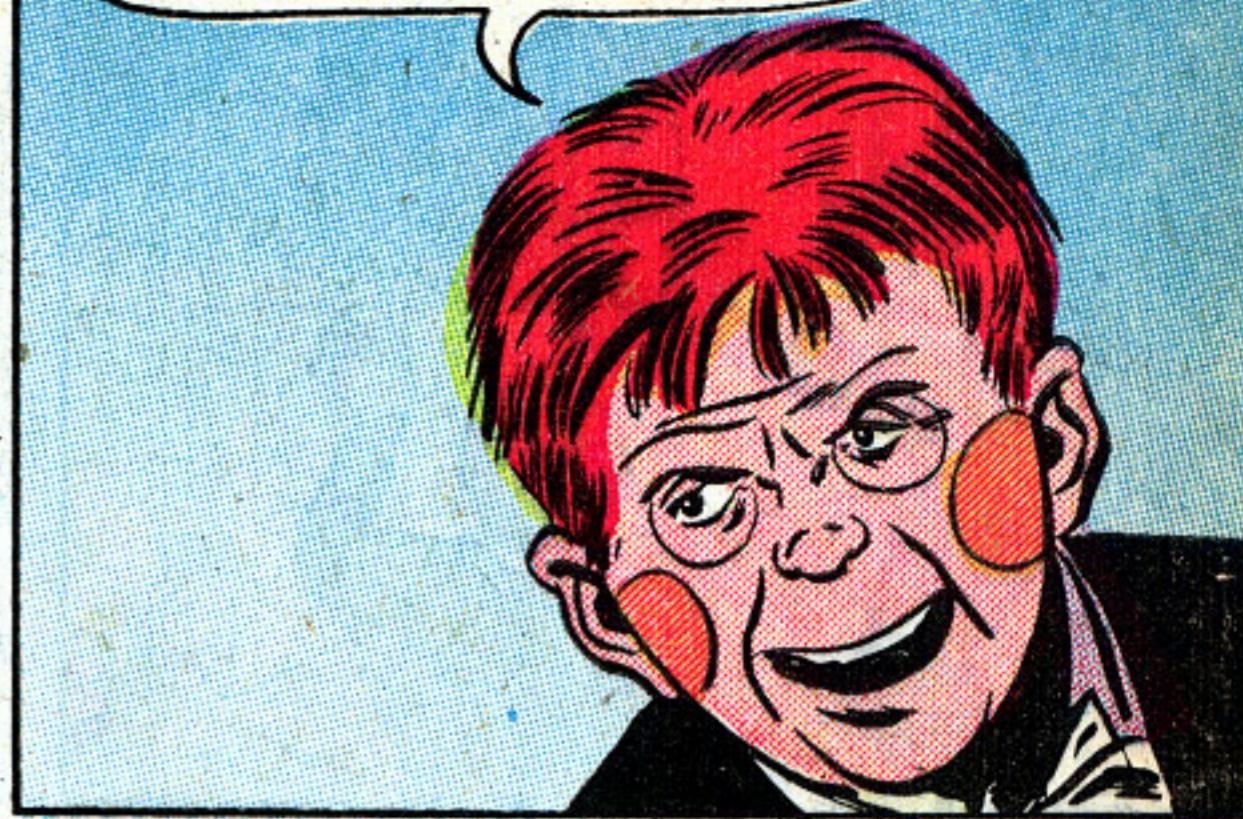
COME HERE,  
EVERYBODY!



"AND THERE HE STOOD—THE DUMMY KILLER! AS I HAD SUSPECTED, HE WAS A MIDGET DISGUISED AS A VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY. I WATCHED."



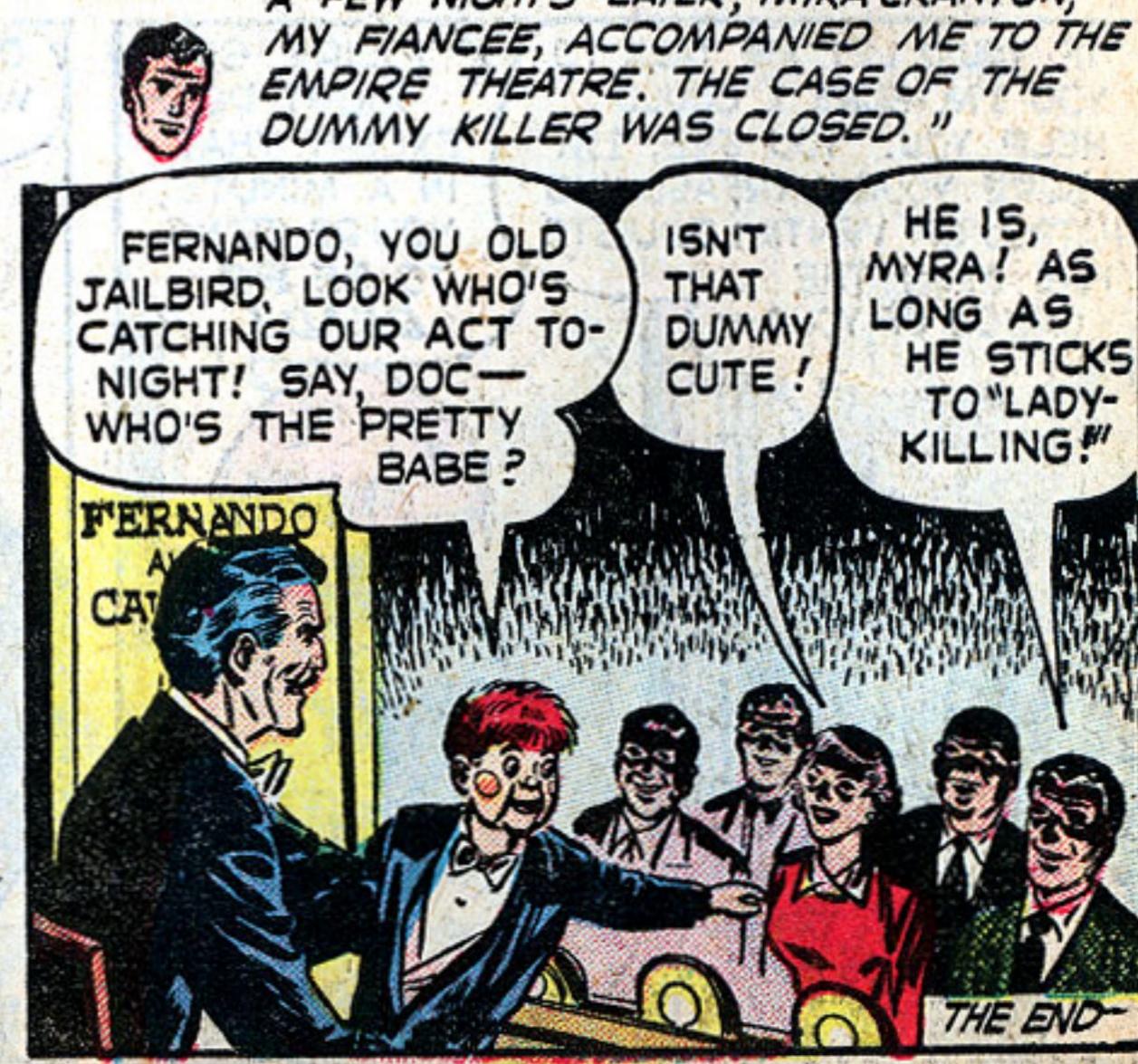
ONCE MIDGETS WERE REAL BOX OFFICE IN VAUDEVILLE. I WAS FAMOUS THEN—AND RICH! NOW VENTRILOQUISTS ARE EVERYTHING, AND I STARVE. BUT I'M TAKING MY REVENGE! HA-HA!



NOT BAD, WAS IT, FOR  
A PARLOR-STUNT  
VENTRILOQUIST?

TRICKED! YOU THREW  
YOUR VOICE INTO THE  
DUMMY! FOR A SECOND  
I THOUGHT---

BUT YOU'RE NOT  
GETTING ME, DOC!  
I'M SCRAMMIN'  
OUT OF HERE -



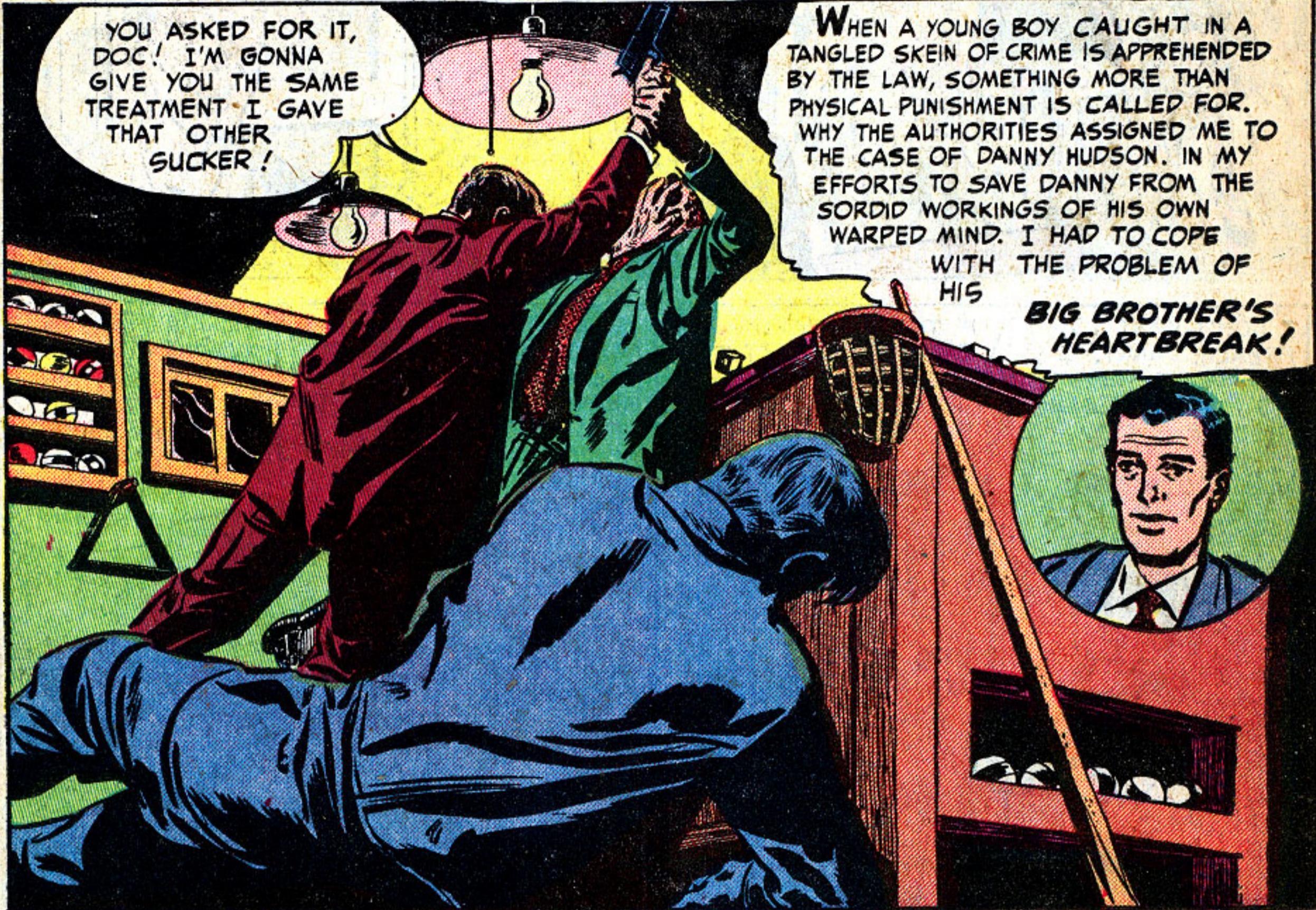
# THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS in  
**BIG BROTHER'S HEARTBREAK!**

YOU ASKED FOR IT,  
DOC! I'M GONNA  
GIVE YOU THE SAME  
TREATMENT I GAVE  
THAT OTHER  
SUCKER!

WHEN A YOUNG BOY CAUGHT IN A  
TANGLED SKEIN OF CRIME IS APPREHENDED  
BY THE LAW, SOMETHING MORE THAN  
PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT IS CALLED FOR.  
WHY THE AUTHORITIES ASSIGNED ME TO  
THE CASE OF DANNY HUDSON. IN MY  
EFFORTS TO SAVE DANNY FROM THE  
SORDID WORKINGS OF HIS OWN  
WARPED MIND. I HAD TO COPE  
WITH THE PROBLEM OF  
HIS

**BIG BROTHER'S  
HEARTBREAK!**



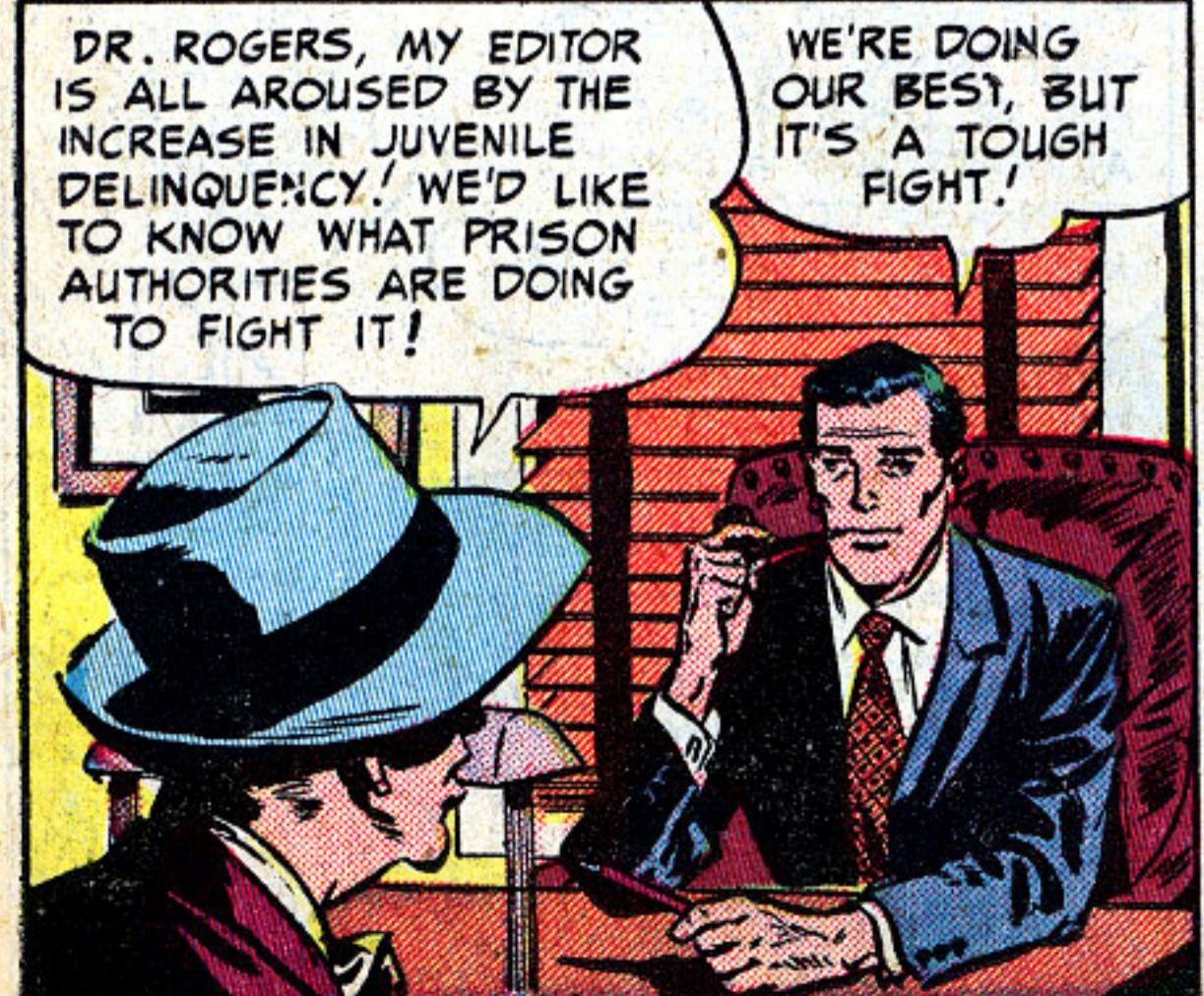
'ONE DAY IN MY OFFICE AT STATE PRISON, I  
WAS BEING INTERVIEWED BY A REPORTER  
FROM A LEADING NEWSPAPER..."

DR. ROGERS, MY EDITOR  
IS ALL AROUSED BY THE  
INCREASE IN JUVENILE  
DELINQUENCY! WE'D LIKE  
TO KNOW WHAT PRISON  
AUTHORITIES ARE DOING  
TO FIGHT IT!

WE'RE DOING  
OUR BEST, BUT  
IT'S A TOUGH  
FIGHT!

FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE  
RECORD OF DANNY HUDSON!  
HE WAS A DELINQUENT,  
AND A **BAD ONE!**

SOUNDS  
LIKE A  
STORY, DOC.  
HOW ABOUT IT?



"WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK A FEW YEARS TO A CHEAP FLAT IN ONE OF THE WORST SLUMS IN THE CITY. THIS WAS HOME FOR DANNY HUDSON AND HIS OLDER BROTHER LARRY. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT IT WAS THE BEST LARRY COULD AFFORD ON HIS SMALL SALARY..."

I THOUGHT YOU WERE STAYING IN TONIGHT, DANNY!

LARRY, THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! I NEED SOME AIR!



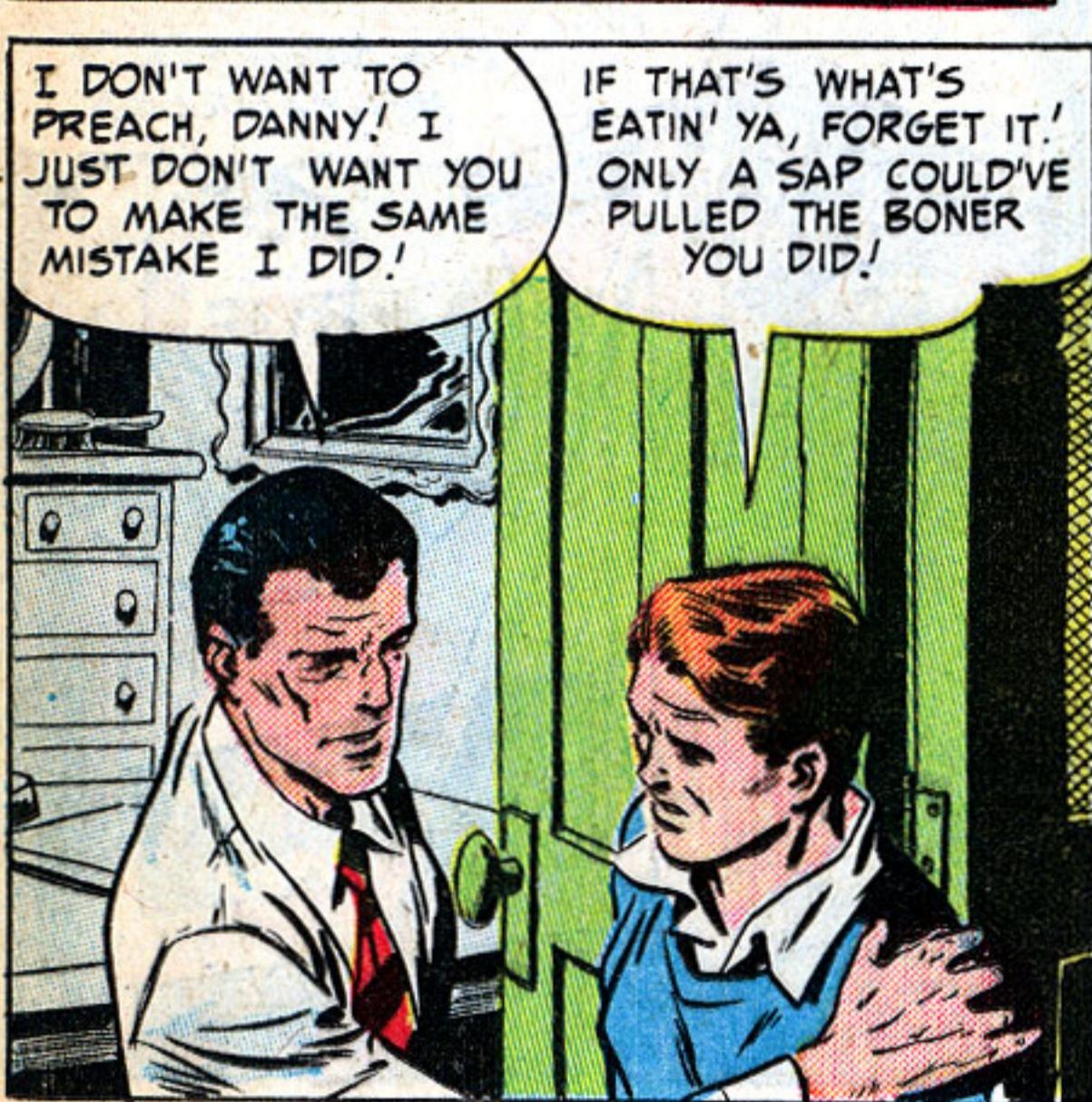
LOOK, KID, YOU'D DO BETTER TO STICK TO YOUR HOMEWORK, INSTEAD OF HANGING AROUND STEVE'S POOL JOINT!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, WILL YA CUT OUT THE PREACHIN'?



I DON'T WANT TO PREACH, DANNY! I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE I DID!

IF THAT'S WHAT'S EATIN' YA, FORGET IT! ONLY A SAP COULD'VE PULLED THE BONER YOU DID!



STEVIE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT WAREHOUSE STICK-UP YOU WERE IN. WHEN THE COPS SHOWED UP, YOU DID A FREEZE! ANY SAP WHO LETS HIMSELF GET CAUGHT DESERVES DOIN' A STRETCH. YA, HAD IT COMIN' TO YA!

SURE I HAD IT COMING TO ME -- BUT I LEARNED MY LESSON. AND IF I DIDN'T GO TO PRISON, I WOULDN'T BE CRIPPLED!



I GOT MY LEG CAUGHT IN THAT MACHINE AND— COME BACK, DANNY! LISTEN TO ME!

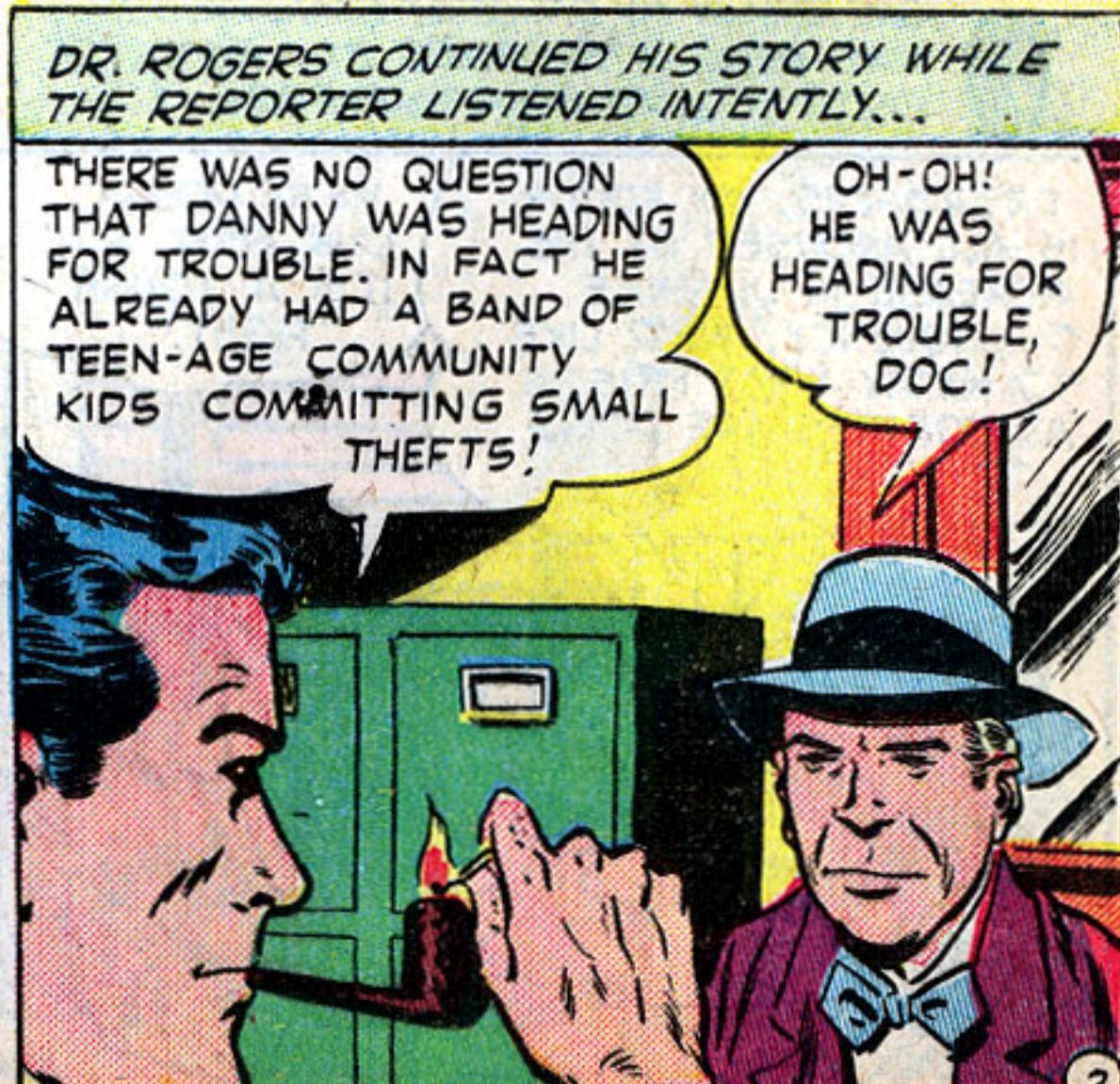
KEEP YER HANDS OFFA ME! IF YOU HAD ANY NERVE YOU WOULDN'T BE SWEATIN' OUT YOUR BRAINS IN A FACTORY! THE ONLY REASON YOU'VE GONE STRAIGHT IS BECAUSE YOU'RE YELLOW!



DR. ROGERS CONTINUED HIS STORY WHILE THE REPORTER LISTENED INTENTLY...

THERE WAS NO QUESTION THAT DANNY WAS HEADING FOR TROUBLE. IN FACT HE ALREADY HAD A BAND OF TEEN-AGE COMMUNITY KIDS COMMITTING SMALL THEFTS!

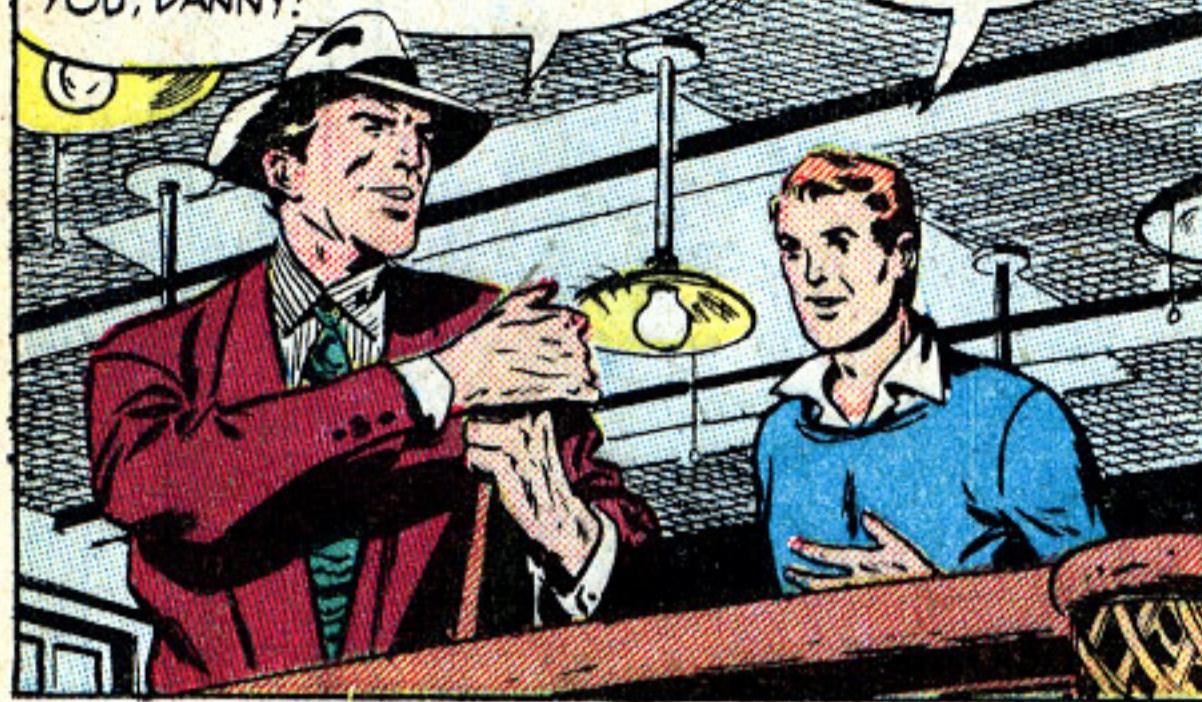
OH-OH! HE WAS HEADING FOR TROUBLE, DOC!



"WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS REALLY TRAGIC.  
LARRY BROKE HIS LEG IN AN ACCIDENT AT  
THE PLANT, AND IT GAVE YOUNG DANNY THE  
FREEDOM HE WAS LOOKING FOR..."

THE BOYS SAY LARRY'S IN  
THE HOSPITAL! THAT'S TOO  
BAD FOR HIM! BUT IT COULD  
BE A GOOD BREAK FOR  
YOU, DANNY!

THAT'S WHY  
I COME TO  
SEE YA,  
STEVIE!



I GOT A FEW KIDS WORKIN'  
WITH ME ON SOME SMALL  
JOBS! YOU KNOW, BREAKIN'  
INTO STORES AN' STUFF  
LIKE THAT! THINK YOU  
COULD TAKE CARE OF  
THE LOOT?

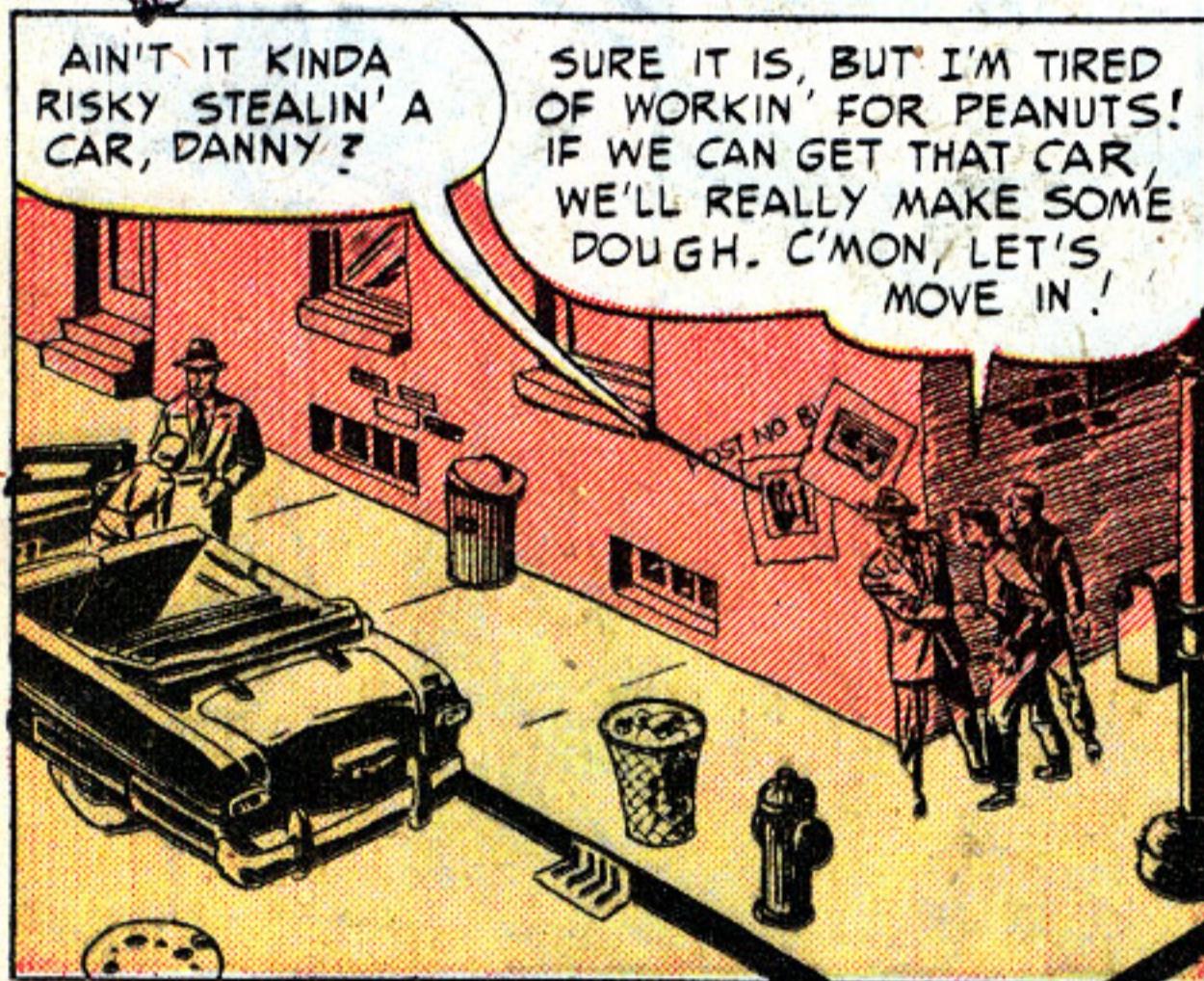
SURE THING, KID!  
YOU JUST BRING  
**EVERYTHING**  
TO UNCLE STEVIE!



"DANNY AND HIS TEEN-AGE GANG PULLED A  
FEW MINOR JOBS. THEN ONE NIGHT THEY  
TRIED FOR BIGGER STAKES..."

AIN'T IT KINDA  
RISKY STEALIN' A  
CAR, DANNY?

SURE IT IS, BUT I'M TIRED  
OF WORKIN' FOR PEANUTS!  
IF WE CAN GET THAT CAR,  
WE'LL REALLY MAKE SOME  
DOUGH. C'MON, LET'S  
MOVE IN!



WHY, YOU  
LITTLE---

LEGO!  
HEY!  
GUYS -- LET  
'IM HAVE IT!

HELP...  
POLICE!



SCRAM!  
IT'S THE  
COPS!

COME BACK,  
YA YELLA  
RATS!

LET'S  
GET  
OUTA  
HERE!



"MINUTES LATER..."

THE OTHER THREE  
RAN AWAY, BUT THIS  
TRAMP IS THE  
**RINGLEADER!**  
I WANT HIM  
BEHIND BARS!

THAT'S WHERE  
HE'S HEADED!  
OKAY, SONNY--  
LET'S GO!



"WHEN DANNY WAS BROUGHT TO JUVENILE  
COURT, THE AUTHORITIES ASKED ME TO  
SIT IN ON THE CASE..."

WE'RE BRINGING YOUNG  
HUDSON TO TRIAL IN A  
FEW MINUTES, DOCTOR!  
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE  
YOUR HANDS FULL-- THIS  
YOUNGSTER IS A  
HARD CASE!

NO CASE  
IS HOPELESS,  
YOUR HONOR!

"THEN AS WE ENTERED THE COURTROOM..."

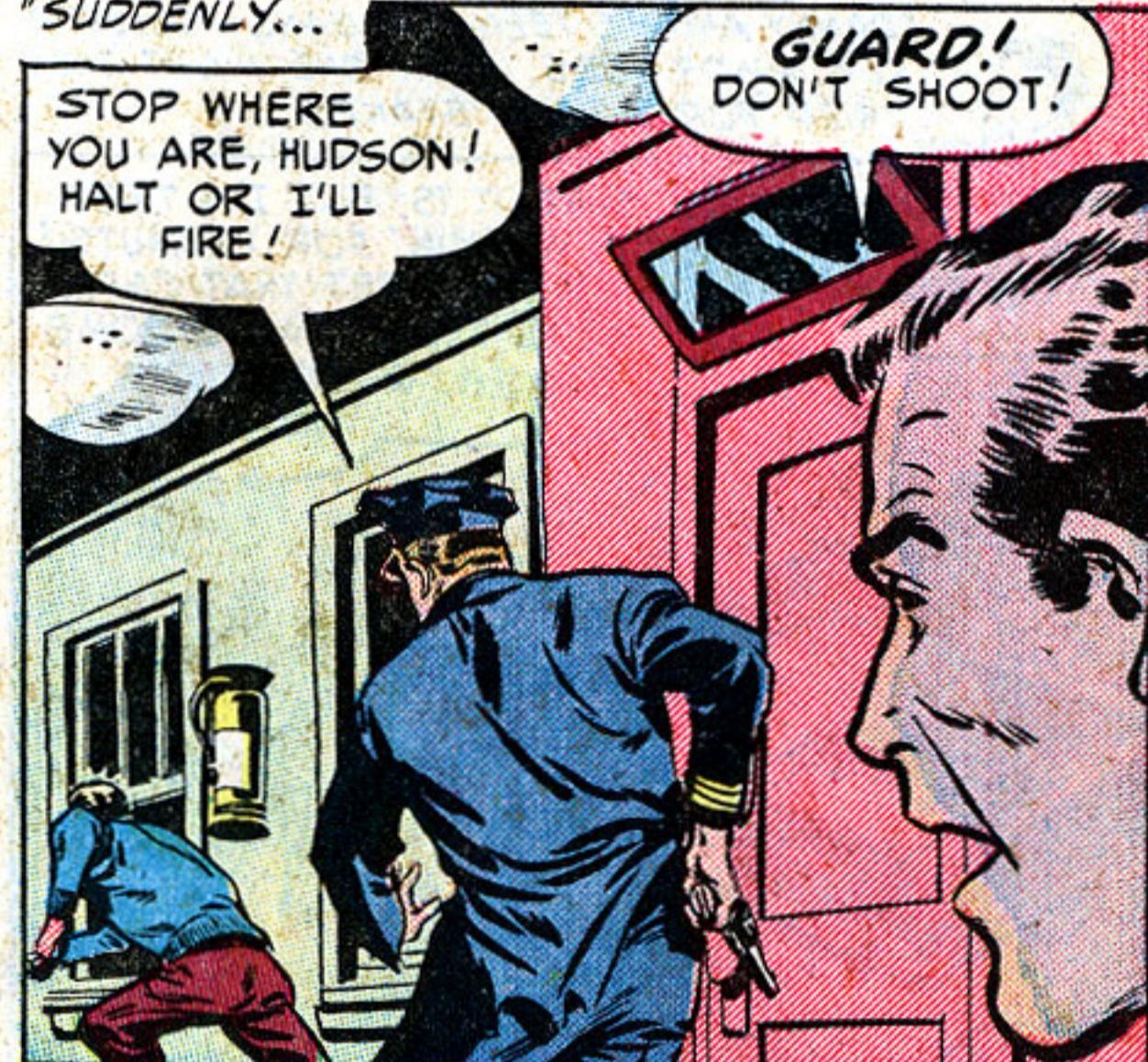
I'M WARNIN'  
YA, COPPER!  
TAKE YOUR  
DIRTY HANDS  
OFFA ME!

KEEP QUIET,  
HUDSON...OR...



STOP WHERE  
YOU ARE, HUDSON!  
HALT OR I'LL  
FIRE!

GUARD!  
DON'T SHOOT!



"THE ENTIRE COURTROOM WAS IN AN UPROAR AS I  
DASHED AFTER HIM INTO THE CORRIDOR..."

COME BACK,  
DANNY! YOU  
CAN'T GET  
AWAY!

TRY AN'  
STOP ME,  
MISTER!



OKAY,  
I WILL!

OW!



WE'LL BE GOING BACK INSIDE THAT COURTROOM, AND THIS TIME YOU'LL BEHAVE YOURSELF! REMEMBER THIS, DANNY, I CAN GET TWICE AS ROUGH AS YOU CAN -- IF I HAVE TO! IS THAT CLEAR?

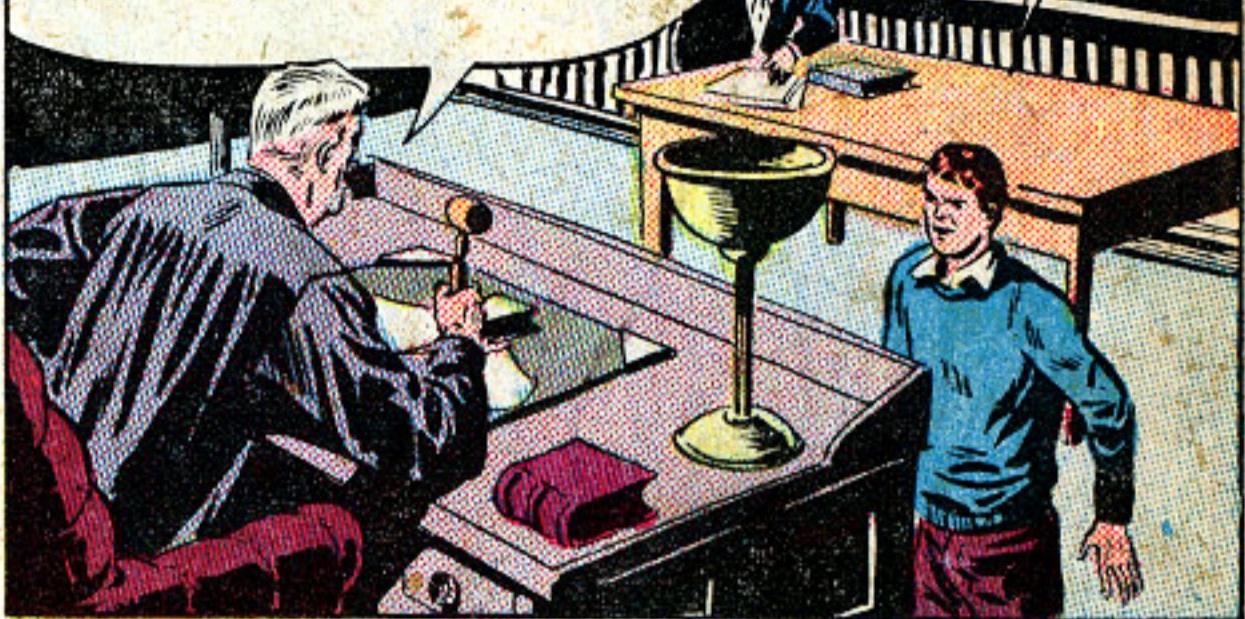
Y-YEAH... IT'S CLEAR!



"THE TRIAL WAS BRIEF, AND THEN THE JUDGE PASSED SENTENCE..."

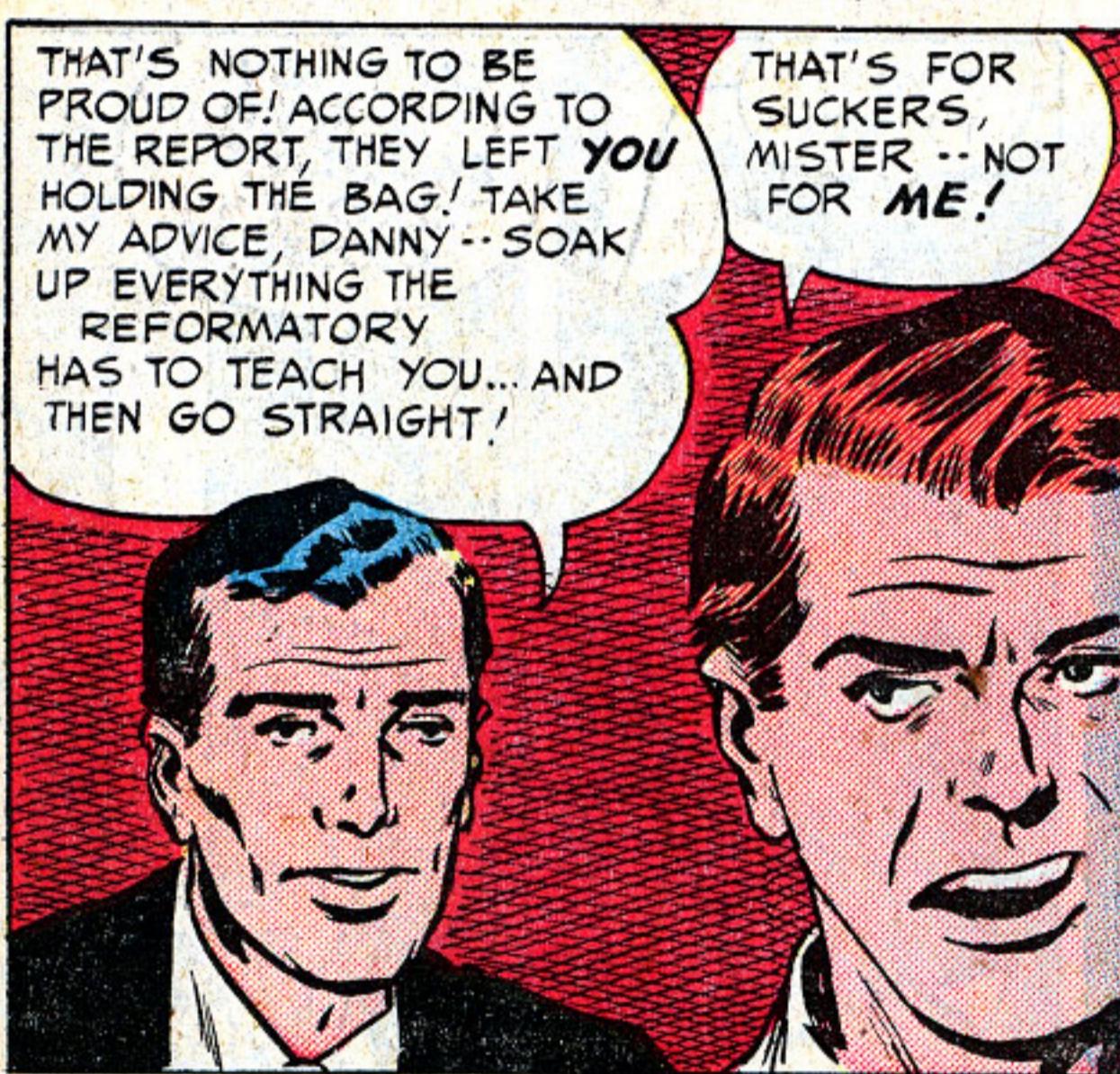
YOU HAVE BROKEN THE LAW ON FOUR COUNTS, AND YOUR REFUSAL TO NAME YOUR THREE COMPANIONS ONLY ADDS TO YOUR GUILT! THEREFORE, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SEND YOU TO A BOYS' REFORMATORY!

ANYWAY, I'M NO SQUEALER!



THAT'S NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF! ACCORDING TO THE REPORT, THEY LEFT **YOU** HOLDING THE BAG! TAKE MY ADVICE, DANNY -- SOAK UP EVERYTHING THE REFORMATORY HAS TO TEACH YOU... AND THEN GO STRAIGHT!

THAT'S FOR SUCKERS, MISTER -- NOT FOR **ME**!



THEN I DON'T SUPPOSE DANNY TOOK YOUR ADVICE... OR DID HE?

NO, HE DIDN'T! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DIDN'T EVEN LAST LONG AT THE SCHOOL! I DON'T MEAN HE WAS LET OFF ON GOOD BEHAVIOR... HE SIMPLY **BROKE** OUT!



"DANNY DID A VERY GOOD DISAPPEARING ACT, BUT THREE WEEKS LATER I RECEIVED A **VERY** UNEXPECTED VISITOR..."

THERE'S A LARRY HUDSON OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR! HE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT!

WHY HE MUST BE -- HAVE HIM COME RIGHT IN, CAROL!



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. HUDSON?

IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER, DANNY! THIS MIGHT SOUND CRAZY, BUT I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING --- I CAME TO TURN HIM IN!



I WAS GOING TO THE POLICE, BUT THEN I THOUGHT OF YOU! YOU'LL GIVE HIM A BREAK, DOC-- WON'T YA? HE'S ONLY A KID TRYING TO ACT TOUGH!

WHERE IS HE?

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PLACE! I WANT TO BE THERE AT THE SHOWDOWN! THAT WAY DANNY WON'T THINK I SQUEELED BEHIND HIS BACK!

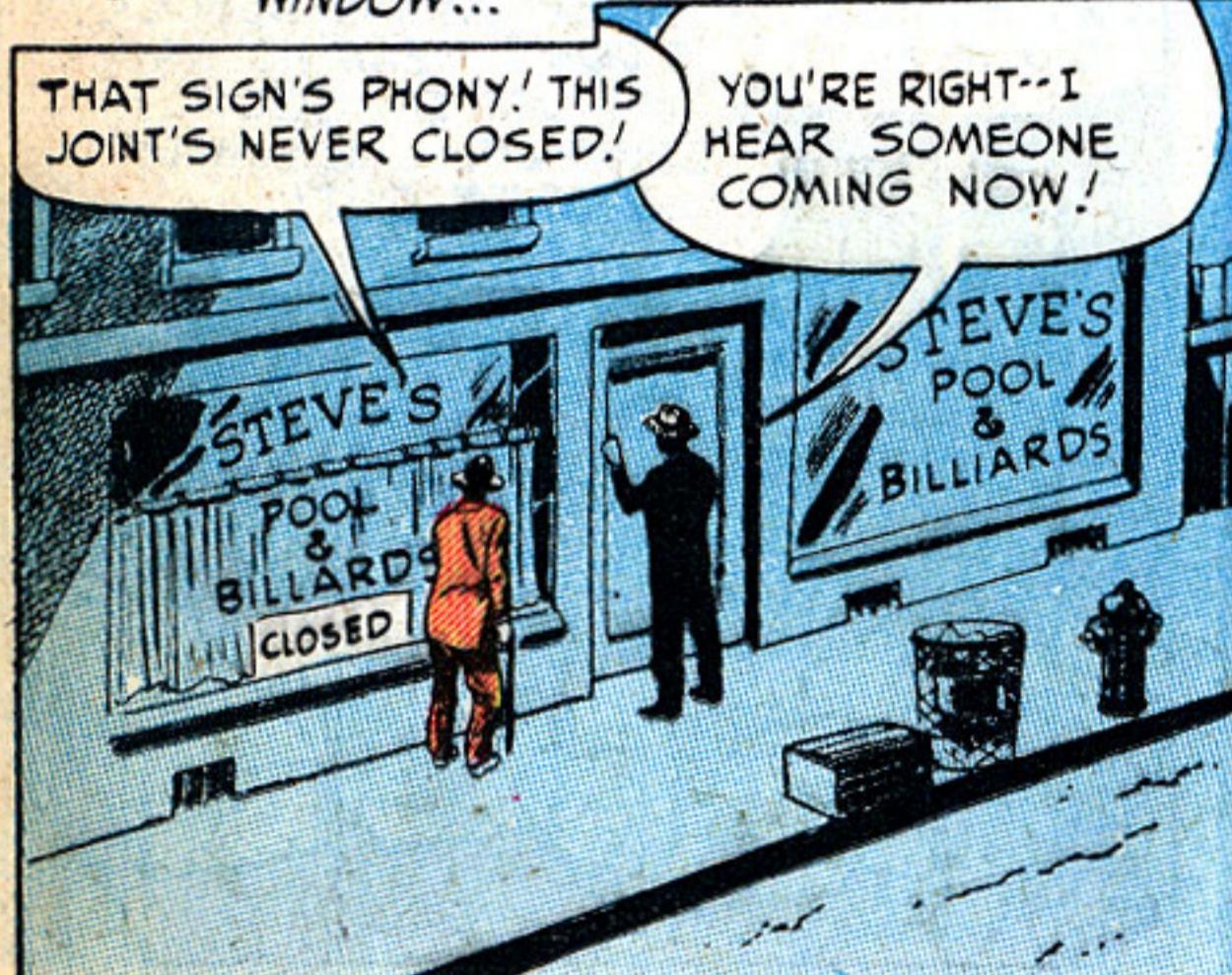
OKAY... IT'S A DEAL!



"I MET LARRY THAT EVENING, AND HE TOOK ME TO STEVE'S POOL JOINT! A 'CLOSED' SIGN WAS HANGING IN THE WINDOW..."

THAT SIGN'S PHONY! THIS JOINT'S NEVER CLOSED!

YOU'RE RIGHT--I HEAR SOMEONE COMING NOW!



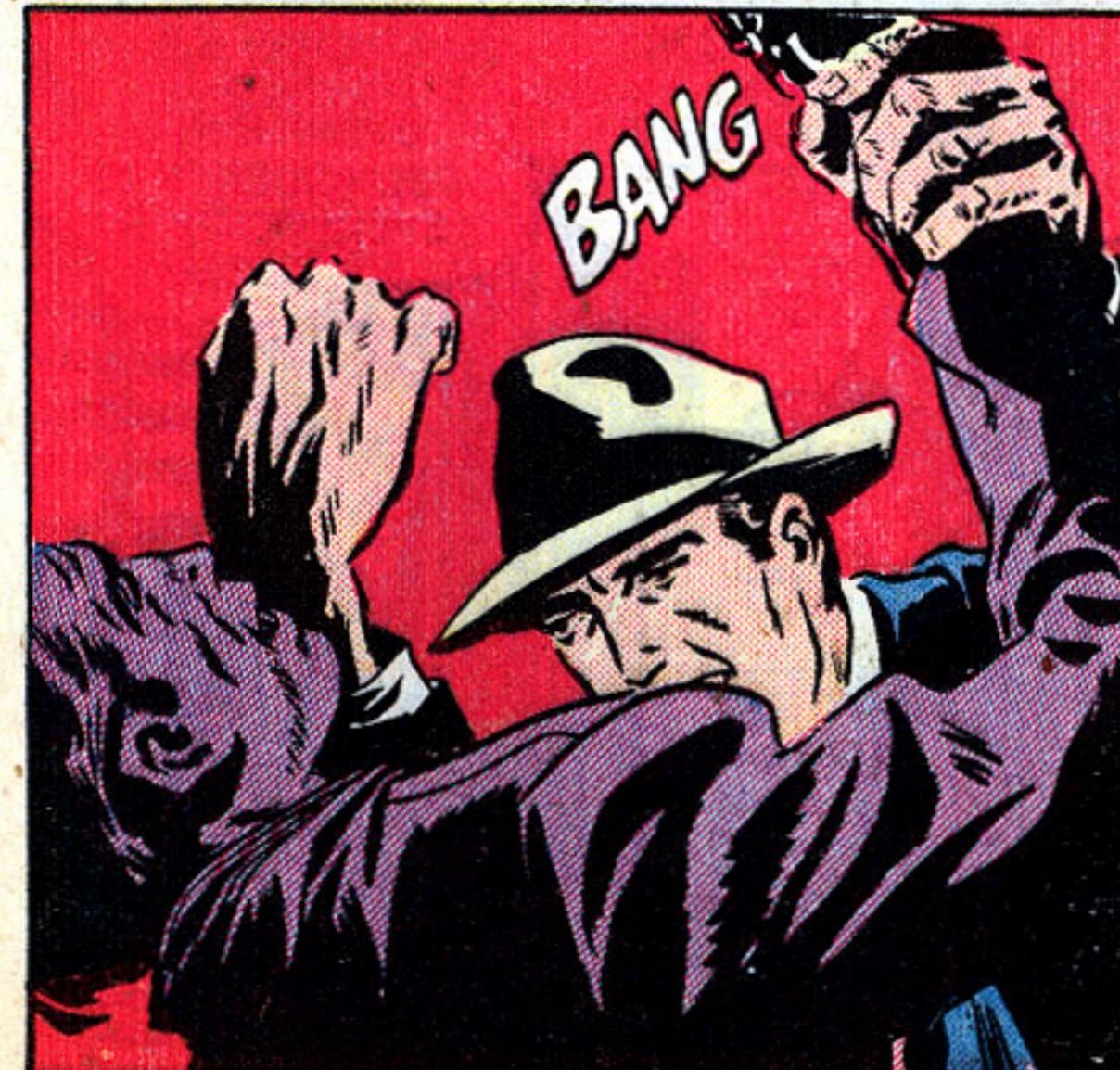
I SAY IT'S OPEN!

THUD

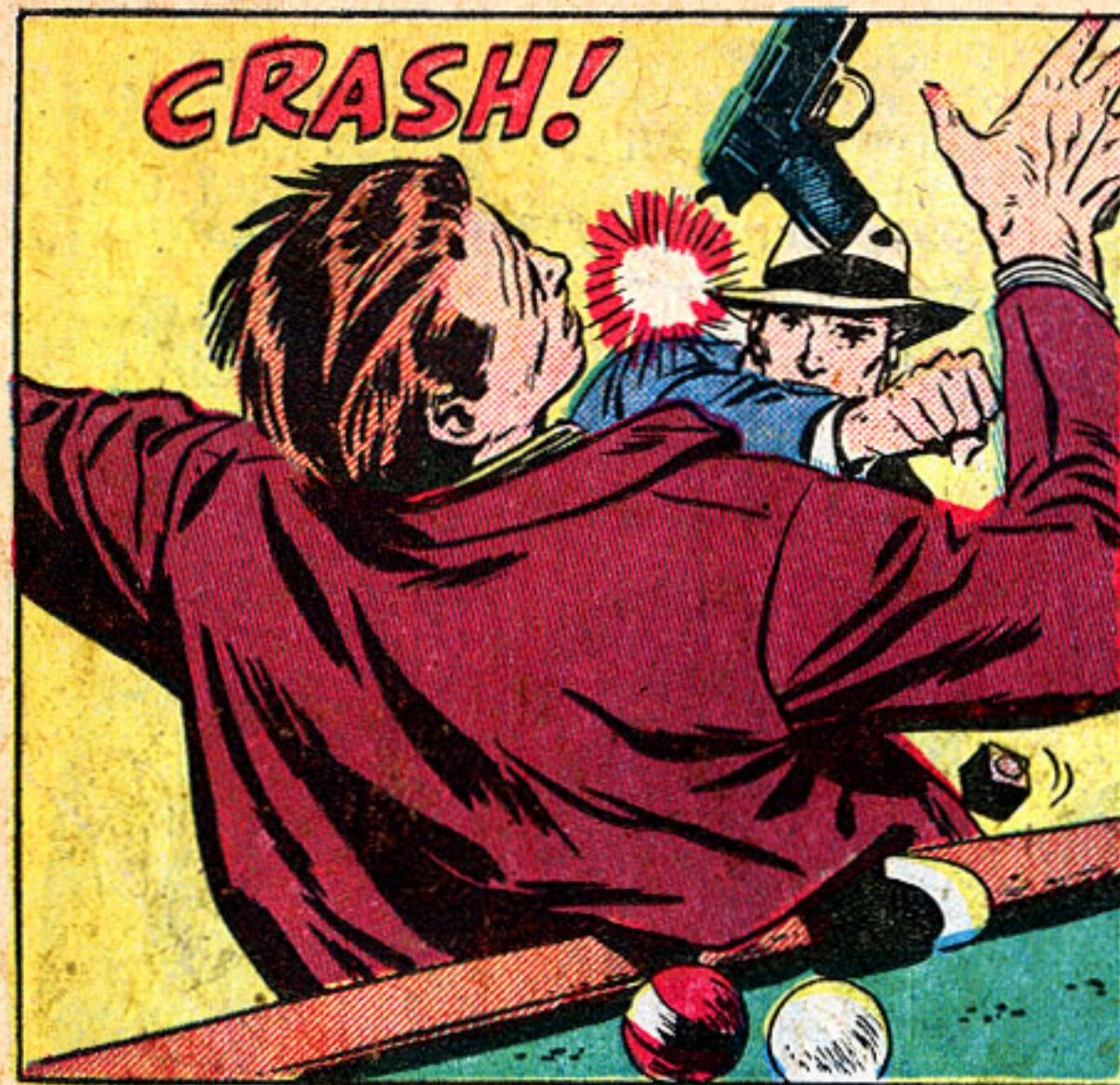
THAT GUN ISN'T GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD!

OWW!



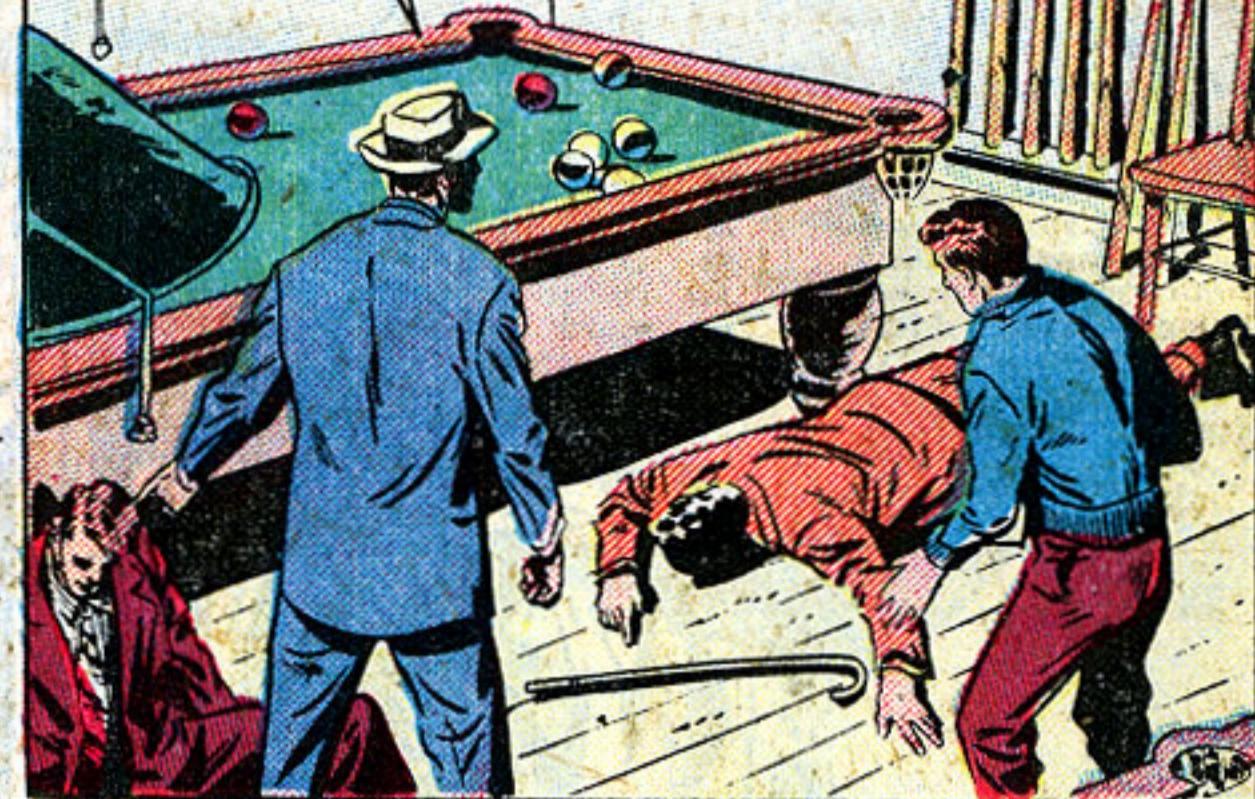


**CRASH!**



HOW DOES YOUR BIG SHOT LOOK **NOW**, DANNY? DO YOU STILL WANT TO GO TO BAT FOR HIM?

H-HE SHOT LARRY!



HE W-WON'T DIE ... WILL HE?

I HOPE NOT! LARRY HAS THE KIND OF NERVE THAT PUNKS LIKE STEVE NEVER HAVE! CRIPPLED AS HE WAS, HE CAME TO YOUR AID WHEN STEVE TURNED ON YOU. MAYBE NOW YOU'LL KNOW WHO YOUR **REAL FRIENDS** ARE!



AND DID LARRY PULL THROUGH?

YES, HE DID-- BUT THAT ISN'T ALL! DANNY FINISHED HIS TERM AT THE REFORMATORY AND CAME BACK A CHANGED BOY! THE TWO BROTHERS ARE NOW PARTNERS IN A GAS STATION AND THEY'RE DOING FINE!



YOU'VE GIVEN ME QUITE A STORY, DOCTOR! MAYBE IT'LL BE A VALUABLE LESSON TO OTHERS!

I HOPE SO! FIGHTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IS EVERYBODY'S JOB!



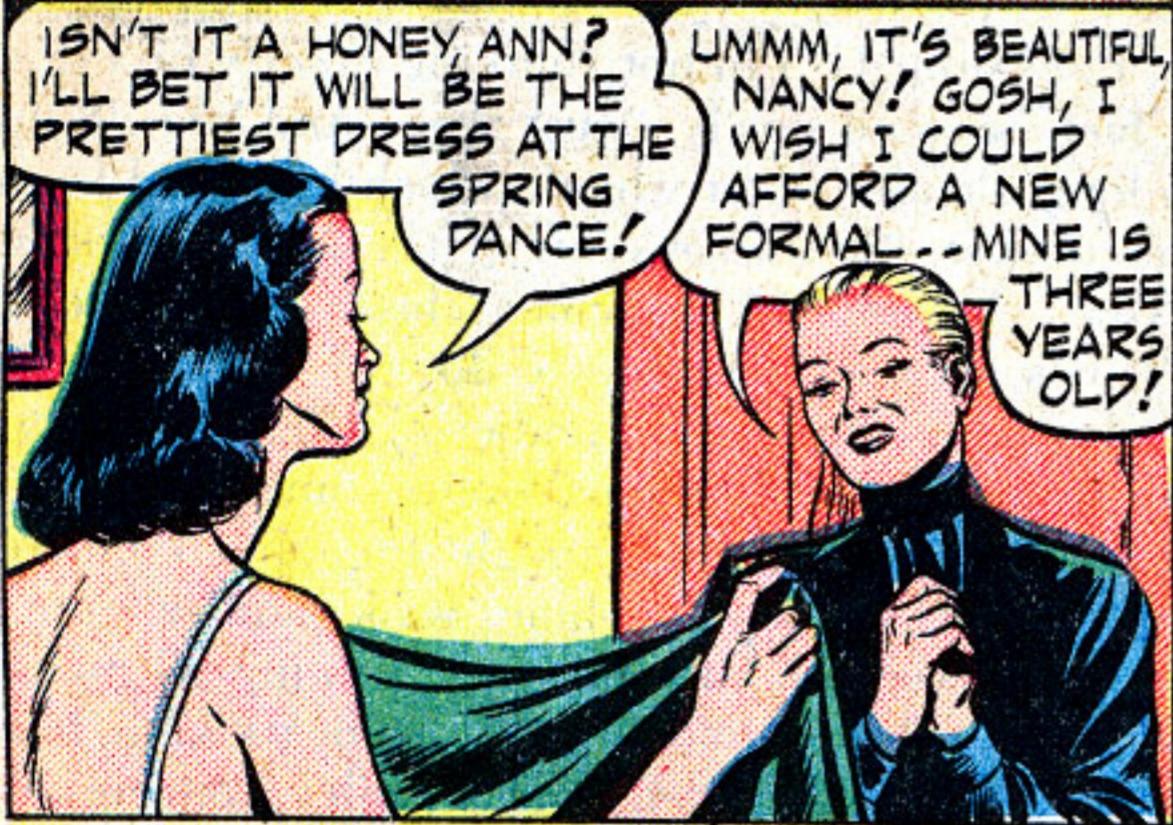
THE END

# CURE FOR CRIME!



"VANITY CAN OFTEN DRIVE A PERSON TO CRIME! THAT HAPPENED TO ANN DALEY, SALESGIRL IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE!"

"ANN'S STORY STARTS THE EVENING HER GIRL-FRIEND, NANCY, SHOWED HER THE NEW FORMAL SHE HAD JUST BOUGHT."



PRETTY CLOTHES ARE MAN INSURANCE, ANN! I'M NOT TAKING A CHANCE ON LOSING THE BOY FRIEND!

SHE'S RIGHT! NO MAN WANTS A DOWDY-LOOKING GIRL! I WONDER IF THAT'S WHY JERRY HAS BEEN SORT OF COOL TOWARDS ME LATELY?

"MAN INSURANCE!" ANN REMEMBERED NANCY'S REMARKS! SHE COULDN'T DRIVE IT FROM HER MIND! THE NEXT DAY, AT WORK---

I'VE JUST GOT TO GET A NEW FORMAL! I WONDER --- COULD I TAKE ONE OF THOSE? -- IF I DON'T I'LL LOSE JERRY!

I CAN HIDE IT UNDER } MISS DALEY..  
MY COAT, AND GET IT } ARE YOU  
TO MY LOCKER.

OHHH!

MISS DALEY..  
ARE YOU  
STEALING THAT  
DRESS? COME TO THE  
MANAGER'S  
OFFICE AT  
ONCE!

"BECAUSE ANN DALEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD EMPLOYEE, THE MANAGER TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HER! I WAS CALLED IN."

I CAME HERE TO HELP YOU, MISS DALEY! THAT-- IF YOU WON'T TELL ME WHY YOU TRIED THAT'S TO STEAL THAT DRESS--I'LL TELL EXACTLY YOU! AT YOUR AGE, CLOTHES ARE HOW DID YOU THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN A RIGHT! BUT OUTSIDE OF BOY- FRIENDS! -- AND YOU WERE KNOW, DR. MASON?

AFAIR A BETTER DRESSED GIRL WOULD TAKE YOUR BOY FRIEND!

BECAUSE I'M A PSYCHIATRIST! IT'S I--I NEVER MY JOB TO SEEK OUT CAUSES OF THOUGHT CRIMINAL ACTS! IN YOUR CASE IT WAS OF IT THAT INSECURITY, PLACING TOO HIGH A WAY--BUT VALUE ON MATERIAL THINGS! IT'S YOU'RE WHAT IS WITHIN YOU THAT ATTRACTS RIGHT! THE RIGHT KIND OF MAN! A MAN WHO AND NOW WILL JUDGE WOMEN ONLY IT'S TOO BY THEIR CLOTHES LATE-- ISN'T WORTH KNOWING!

I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING..

"BUT IN ANN'S CASE IT WASN'T TOO LATE! FOR HER EMPLOYERS GAVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE AND SAVED HER FROM A POSSIBLY CRIMINAL CAREER."

# THE SILENT WHISTLE

Sgt. Paul White of the Glendale Police Force eased himself into the comfortable chair next to Chief Bradley's desk. He grinned with genuine affection at the Chief as the older man shook his head and smiled. "Looks just like old times to see you sitting in that chair, Paul," Bradley said.

Paul took the cigar which the Chief offered him, lit it and nodded. "Sure does," he laughed. "From the smell of it, this is the same cigar you handed me five years ago, when I left to join the Marines."

Chief Bradley smiled. Then his face grew serious and worried, revealing the haggard lines of care etched around his normally placid blue eyes. "It's good to have you back, Paul," he said soberly. "I've missed you, son, and I've needed you badly. Things are rugged here in Glendale, I don't mind admitting."

"What's up, Chief?"

The Chief sighed. "It's a new kind of crime, Paul. Not the kind we're used to. No crime is clean, but what's going on now is especially dirty and miserable. Stealing from poor people, little shopkeepers and even beggars, who are being forced to pay 'protection' or be beaten up. That's the kind of crime we've got today."

"Who's responsible? Have you spotted him?"

"Oh, sure, we know that," replied Chief Bradley. "That's the most horrible feature of the deal. The king-pin is an ex-Chicago racketeer of the prohibition era, Johnny Miranda. We've got him dead to rights. But we can't touch him. Our hands are tied."

"Why?" snapped Paul.

"Because he's got connections, Paul," said Bradley sadly. "In the three years he's been in town I haven't been able to make a single arrest stick. I ran him in a dozen times the first month, and within two hours he was out each time, a free man. His lawyers simply made a couple of telephone calls, and the fix was in. I can't take much more of it, Paul. I've been an honest cop for more than thirty years, and if I can't enforce the law, I'm going to quit." He paused. "That's why I've been waiting for you to come back, son. I figured that maybe you and I, working together, the way we used to before the War, could clean this last mess up."

"Have you tried a raid?" Paul asked. "To get evidence, I mean."

"Won't work." The Chief shook his head. "Not a judge in town will sign a search warrant. That's how good Miranda's connections are."

Paul sat back in his chair, puffing on the cigar. Suddenly he leaned forward. "I've got an idea," he

said. "In case of a fire, or anything like that, we still have the right to break into a house, don't we? They haven't changed that law, have they?"

"No, they haven't. But it wouldn't work, Paul. First of all, you could never get into Miranda's place. Secondly, it's all concrete and steel, one of these modern places, so you wouldn't have much luck with a fire."

Paul smiled. "I'm not thinking *exactly* of a fire, Chief," he said slowly. "Just this." And he held up a long, slender silver whistle which he pulled from his pocket. "It's a souvenir of the Marine Corps. Now," he hitched his chair closer to the desk, "here's what I'd like you to do . . ."

Two days later, the number of Glendale's beggars was increased by one, a filthy, unshaven bum who looked healthy enough for any kind of work, but whose slouching walk and whining voice showed a man completely lacking all moral strength. The patrolmen on their beats kept him moving along, and even Chief Bradley, touring the city in a cruising patrol car, had difficulty recognizing the normally immaculate Paul White.

For two days, the bum prowled the streets. And then, just as he accepted a quarter from a kindly passerby, a big black sedan rolled to the curb and stopped. Two swarthy men leaped out and closed in on him. "Come on, lug," one growled. "Get in. You're comin' with us."

Paul's protests were drowned out by the slamming of the sedan door.

As the car roared away, a newsboy, whose route had paralleled Paul's, ducked into a store and raced for the phone booth. Quickly, he dialed a number. "Hello," he said. "Louie speaking. They got him." The newsboy left the store and continued on his route.

Twenty minutes later Paul sat in a sparsely-furnished little ante-room in Johnny Miranda's sumptuous home. The two hoods who had kidnapped him loomed threateningly over him, both armed with wicked-looking blackjack. "Look, bum," the leader of the pair said, "you're new here, and we're gonna tell you how to keep healthy, see? Johnny Miranda owns this town, and we work for Johnny. That means you're takin' orders from us."

"What do you want me to do?" whined Paul, in a timid, scared voice.

"Just what you're told to do, see? You've got a good beat for your handout pitch, and we're puttin' you down for ten bucks a week. That's what you turn over to us, and everything's fine. Otherwise . . ." he tapped his blackjack on his palm significantly.

Paul looked up, letting sudden understanding flood his face. "Oh, it's like that," he said. "That's nothin'. Look, fellow," he continued, in a very friendly tone, "you don't think *this* is my racket, do you? This is just a blind with me. I'm going to be in the big dough soon," he added boastfully.

The two hoods glanced at each other. "How's that?" they asked.

Paul smiled. "Just before I broke out of Joliet," he said easily, "a lifer who comes from this town tipped me off about a tunnel that leads right under the First National Bank. I've been casing the job, and I've found out he was givin' me a straight steer. Now," he shrugged his shoulders, "all I've got to do is connect up with some mob, and it's a cinch to knock the bank off for every cent in that vault."

The two gangsters studied each other thoughtfully. After a moment, the first one spoke. "Keep an eye on this mug, Joe," he said. "I'm gonna have a talk with Johnny."

When the hood returned, he smiled at Paul. "Okay, fellow," he said jovially. "If you got any idea about how to knock the bank over, you're in the right place. Come on. You got some talkin' to do."

"Where're we goin'?" asked Paul, as he was hoisted to his feet and marched through the door.

"To the Big Boss! An' you better have the story straight, because he ain't got time to fool around with no fairy tales."

Paul's first glimpse of Johnny Miranda showed clearly why the racketeer had attained his supremacy. A huge, domineering man, he sat arrogantly behind his massive desk, his cruel lips clamped tight on a large cigar which he didn't bother to remove when he spoke. "Joe tells me that you're set with a plan to knock over the First National here. All right, let's hear your caper."

"Wait a minute!" Paul leaned forward in protest. "Why should I tell you? This is my caper, and I want to make sure I get mine."

"You'll get yours, all right," Miranda said. "A flat twenty-five percent of the take. I supply the men and the protection. That's how this town is run. And nobody," he added savagely, "crosses me. Get it?"

"That's not much for me!" grumbled Paul.

"That's what you get!" snapped Miranda. "Or," he shrugged his shoulders, "you go for a nice, long ride. Take your choice!"

Paul nodded sullenly. "Okay," he said. "It's like this. The tunnel—."

"Wait a minute!" ordered Miranda. "Pete, you blow. I'll call you when I want you." Without a word the hoodlum exited, and Miranda nodded to Paul.

"The tunnel," Paul continued, "starts in the

alley next to the Kingsbury Jewelry Store, and crosses the street under the bank. Once you get there, there's a steel door, but the key to this door is . . ."

Again Paul was interrupted, this time by the shrill ringing of a phone on Miranda's desk. The racketeer grabbed the instrument, listened for a second, then mumbled a reply. "This'll take a couple of minutes," he said to Paul. "Make yourself comfortable."

As Paul rose to his feet and strolled around the room, his hand slowly came out of his pocket, tightly clenched. The second his back was to Miranda, he whipped the hand to his mouth, pressing the silver whistle to his lips, and blew hard several times. Not a sound was audible in the room. The whistle was silent!

But as Paul's hand returned the whistle to his pocket, Miranda's conversation was drowned out by the frenzied chorus of dogs, yelping and barking their heads off on every side of the house. The gangster looked up in consternation as, through every window in the room, dogs of every size, shape and color began to pour; and more dogs filled the rest of the house through every opening. "What's going on here?" he yelled.

Chief Bradley rushed into the room, followed by a group of policemen. "Sorry, Mr. Miranda," he said. "Our dogs seemed to have barged in. We're rounding them up, now. Come on, boys," snap to it!"

Miranda shouted, "I'll have your shield for this!"

At this moment, a policeman entered and whispered in the chief's ear. Bradley smiled and turned to Miranda. "I don't figure you'll be doing much of anything in the future, Miranda. Officer Hanrahan tells me that the boys have seized all your files, and your gang surrendered. We've got enough evidence. Even if you get your files back—your lawyers may see to that—the squealers in your mob will sing enough to put you in cold storage for a long time. It looks like you've been doing a lot of things the Federal Government doesn't like. Your local connections won't help you even a little bit."

As Miranda was being led out, he shook his head. "How did those dogs break in here?" he moaned. "Why did they pick on this house?"

Chief Bradley smiled. "Maybe you never heard of the Marine Corps' supersonic whistle," he said. "It's so high-pitched that human ears can't hear it, but dogs can, perfectly." He waved to Paul. "Miranda, meet Sgt. Paul White, formerly Major White, US Marines, and soon to be Chief White of the Glendale Police force!"

THE END

# THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS  
in MURDERER'S NIGHTMARE!

I GOT TO GET OUT... OUT... OUT!

I'VE SEEN STIR-CRAZY BOZOS, BUT "MOOSE" HARDIN TAKES FIRST PRIZE! HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, WHAT WITH ALL THOSE SHARP-SHOOTIN' BULLS ON THE WALL!

"JUSTICE, FREEDOM AND LIFE ITSELF WERE THE STAKES AS I PROBED THE SECRET THAT TERRIFIED CONVICT HENRY 'MOOSE' HARDIN, A MAN SO OBSESSED BY FEAR THAT HE CHOSE THE BLACK HOLE OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT RATHER THAN REVEAL HIS TELL-TALE, MURDEROUS...

**NIGHTMARE!"**

I WON'T STAY IN HERE...  
I GOTTA GET **OUT!**  
...GET YER PAWS  
OFFA ME!

**STOP  
HIM!**

I'LL TRY AGAIN... I'LL  
KEEP TRYIN'... I  
**GOTTA GET OUT!!**

} MOOSE NEVER GAVE  
US TROUBLE BEFORE.  
I WONDER WHAT  
MADE HIM BLOW  
HIS TOP?

"AND AS I WATCHED THE SCENE FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW, I, TOO, WONDERED ABOUT MOOSE..."

STRANGE! MOOSE HARDIN WAS ALWAYS A WELL-BEHAVED SWAGGERING CON. IT ISN'T LIKE HIM TO GO BERSERK! HE'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

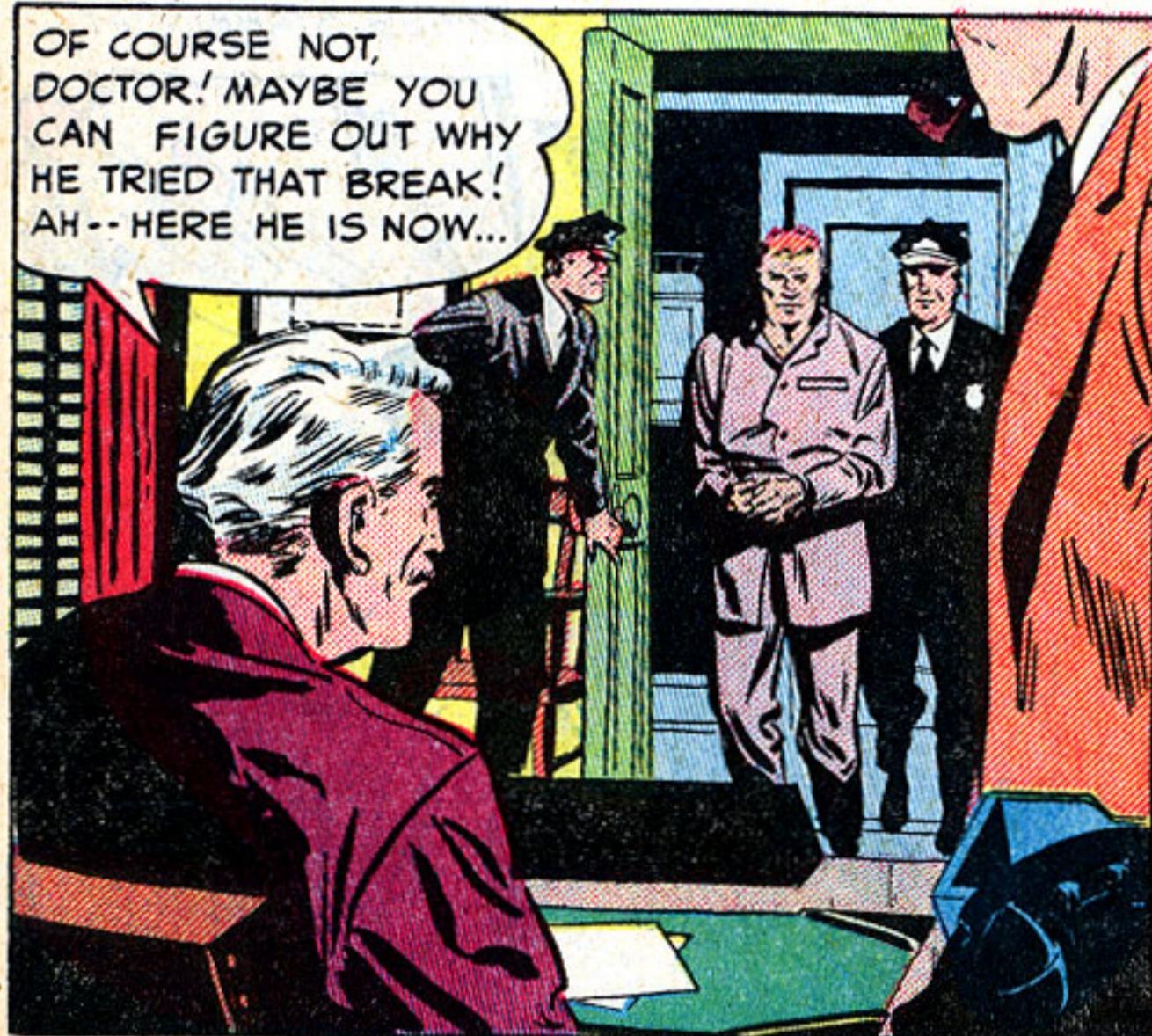


HELLO, DOCTOR.  
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

THEY'RE BRINGING MOOSE HARDIN TO YOU, WARDEN SIMMS. I'D LIKE TO SIT IN-- IF YOU DON'T MIND!



OF COURSE NOT,  
DOCTOR! MAYBE YOU  
CAN FIGURE OUT WHY  
HE TRIED THAT BREAK!  
AH-- HERE HE IS NOW...



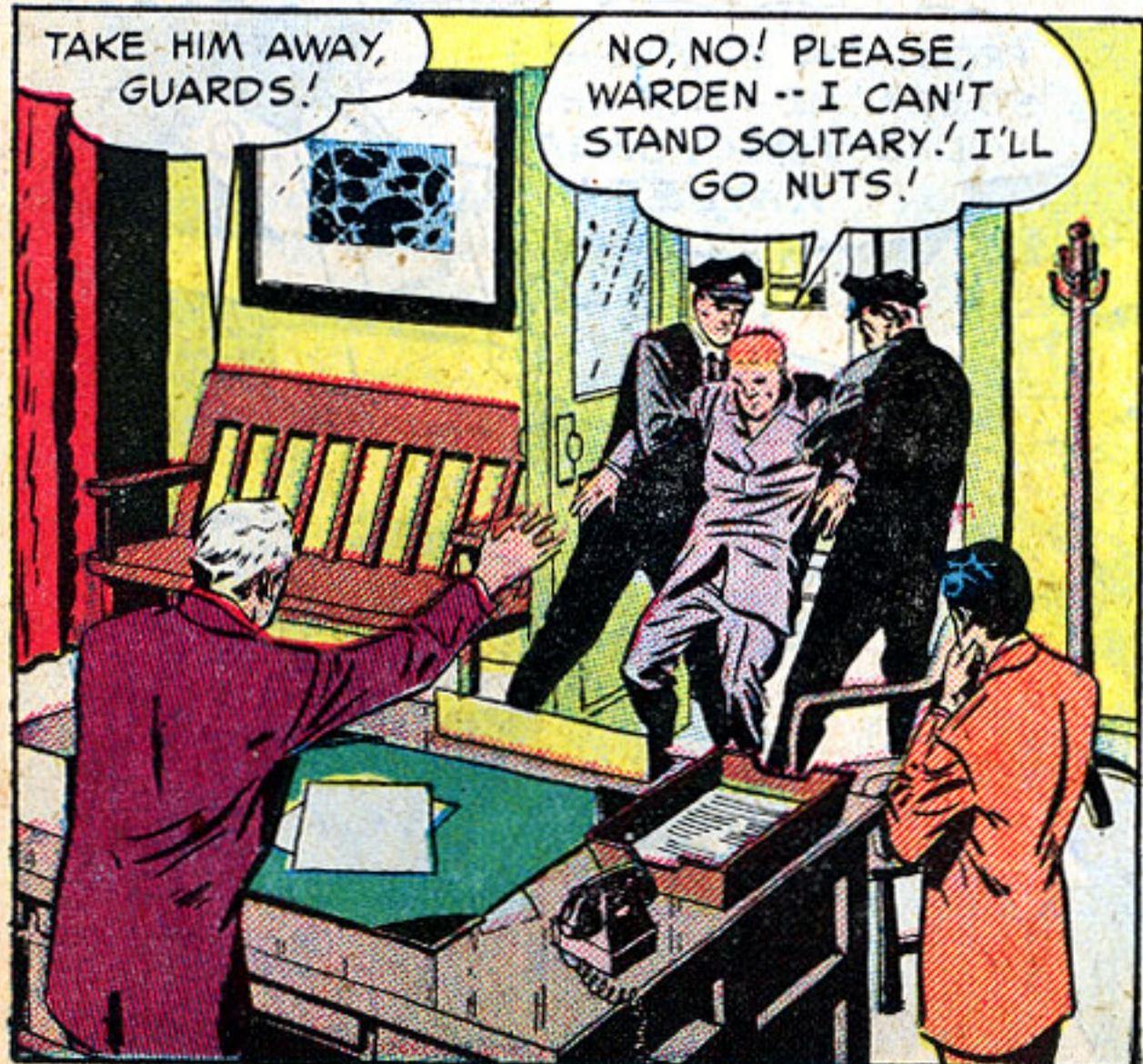
HARDIN, YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER--UP 'TIL NOW, BUT YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR AN ATTEMPTED BREAK... SOLITARY CONFINEMENT...

NO, WARDEN,  
NO!!! NOT  
SOLITARY!! I  
COULDN'T STAND IT!



TAKE HIM AWAY,  
GUARDS!

NO, NO! PLEASE,  
WARDEN -- I CAN'T  
STAND SOLITARY! I'LL  
GO NUTS!



WARDEN, THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT HARDIN'S BEHAVIOR. I'D LIKE TO VISIT HIM IN SOLITARY!

HE'S ALL  
YOURS,  
ROGERS!



"LATER..."

I WANT TO HELP YOU, HARDIN. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

AFRAID? WHO, ME? I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN', DOC!

SURE, YOU'RE AFRAID... AFRAID TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK. YOU'RE EVEN AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT BE BEHIND YOU... IN THE LIGHT...

NO! I HAD ENOUGH OF STIR, THAT'S ALL...

"BUT AT LAST, MY SYSTEMATIC PROBING BROKE THE CONVICT DOWN, AND..."

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU. IT'S THOSE NIGHTMARES! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE... AWAY FROM THE NIGHTMARES...

NIGHTMARES, HARDIN? TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOUR NIGHTMARES?

"WHAT DO I SEE, DOC? THINGS STABBIN' AT ME. KNIVES, KNIVES..."

EVERYTHING STABBIN' AT ME! EVEN NOISES STABBIN' MY EARS. STABBIN', STABBIN', STABBIN'...

PROWL CAR SPOTLIGHTS STABBIN' ME -- LIKE KNIVES... LIKE LONG, SHARP KNIVES!!

SREE-ECH

EE-EOW-EEE  
EEE-EOW-EEE





"AND LATER IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE..."

THE PRISONER'S NIGHTMARES INDICATE A GUILT COMPLEX WHICH COULD DRIVE HIM INSANE. I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT HIS RECORD.

SEE BRADY IN THE CRIMINAL FILES ROOM, DOCTOR. HE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!



HIS GUILT COULD STEM FROM THIS EXPERIENCE, BUT IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE KNIVES -- THE ARROWS. NO, IT GOES DEEPER! I'D BETTER TALK TO HIS FOREMAN AT THE PRISON FOUNDRY...



"THAT AFTERNOON..."

AS MOOSE HARDIN'S FOREMAN, HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL IN HIS CONDUCT LATELY?

NO, DOC! JUST ALL AT ONCE HE BLEW HIS TOP AND RAN OFF THE JOB!



THINK HARD!  
WAS ANYTHING  
DIFFERENT  
AROUND HERE?

NO... EXCEPT THE NEW MAN  
THERE AT THE LATHE OPPOSITE  
MOOSE'S... NUMBER 15422...  
A LIFER... WIFE KILLER. THE  
CONS CALL HIM "CUPID"  
BECAUSE OF THAT  
TATOOED HEART  
ON HIS ARM.

WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW  
ABOUT  
CUPID?

NOT MUCH! TRANSFERRED  
HERE FROM DAGARRA PRISON,  
YESTERDAY. AN' LIKE I SAID,  
HE WAS CONVICTED OF  
MURDER! THAT'S ALL I  
KNOW, DOC!

"I WENT BACK TO THE CRIMINAL  
FILES ROOM..."

HERE IT IS...  
ALL THE DOPE ON CUPID.  
LET'S SEE: NAVY VETERAN...  
THE MINE-SWEEPER SHARK.  
THE SAME CRAFT **MOOSE**  
**HARDIN** WAS ON! AND  
BOTH FROM ALBANY...

JOHN LARRY HOLT  
#15422

AND HERE'S THE CORONER'S  
REPORT ON THE MURDERED  
WIFE. HMM.. KNIVES, HEARTS  
AND CUPID'S ARROWS, MAYBE  
I'D BETTER TAKE A RUN  
UP TO ALBANY.

CORONER'S REPORT

"...and Mrs. John Holt met death  
as the result of a knife plunged  
into her heart..."

"THE NEXT MORNING IN ALBANY..."

THEY TELL ME THIS  
IS JOHN HOLT'S OLD  
NEIGHBORHOOD -- THE  
BOY WHO STABBED  
HIS WIFE A COUPLE  
OF YEARS AGO...

JOHN NEVER  
STABBED NOBODY,  
MISTER. IF YOU  
THINK SO, TAKE  
YOUR BUSINESS  
SOME PLACE ELSE!

WHEW! HE DIDN'T WASTE  
ANY TIME TELLING **ME**  
WHERE TO GET OFF!  
WELL, I'LL KEEP TRYING!

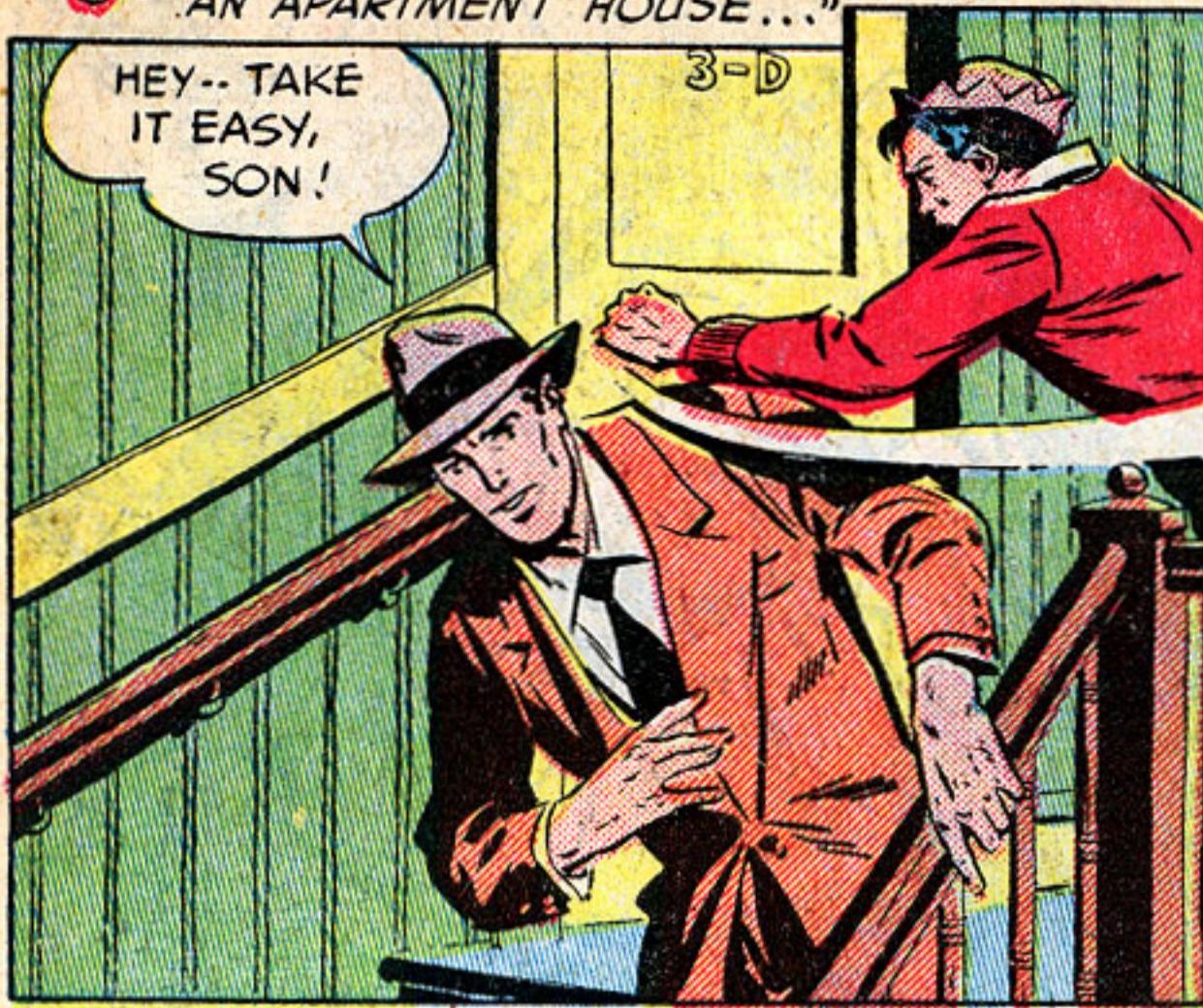
FRUITS-VEG



"THE MORNING SPED BY, AND STILL I HAD NO INFORMATION, BUT THEN, AS I ENTERED AN APARTMENT HOUSE..."

HEY.. TAKE IT EASY, SON!

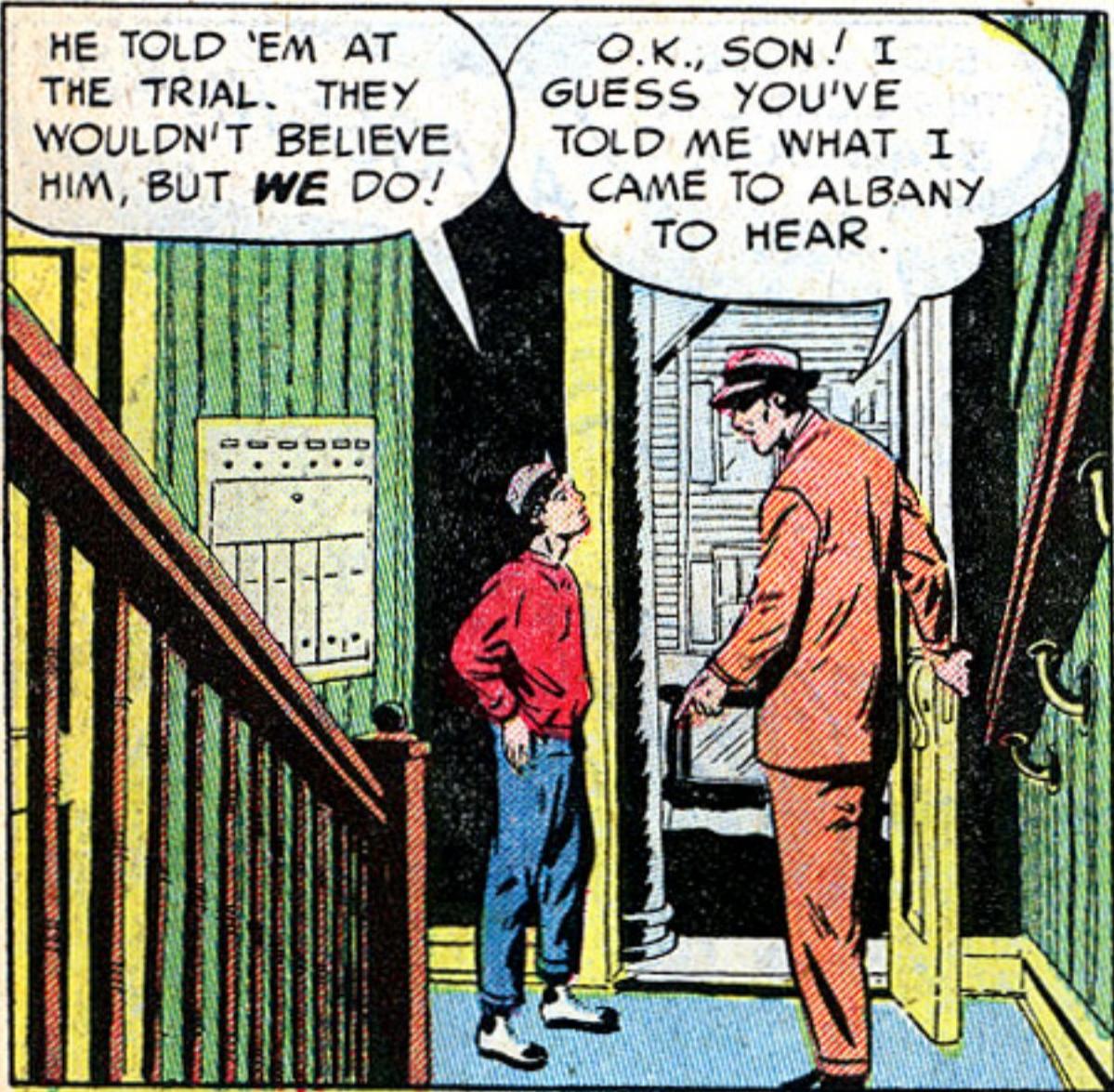
3-D



YOU NEVER SAW ME BEFORE... WHY'D YOU WANT TO TAKE A SICK SOON AT ME? BECAUSE YOU BEEN GOIN' AROUND SAYIN' BAD THINGS ABOUT JOHN HOLT, THAT'S WHY! JOHN WAS GOOD TO EVERYBODY. HE NEVER STABBED NOBODY!

HE TOLD 'EM AT THE TRIAL. THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM, BUT WE DO!

O.K., SON! I GUESS YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT I CAME TO ALBANY TO HEAR.



"RETURNING TO THE PRISON LATE THAT NIGHT, I HAD MOOSE HARDIN TRANSFERRED FROM SOLITARY TO A HOSPITAL BED..."

ARE YOU READY TO TALK, HARDIN? NOTHING IN HERE TO BE AFRAID OF...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT HYPO FOR?



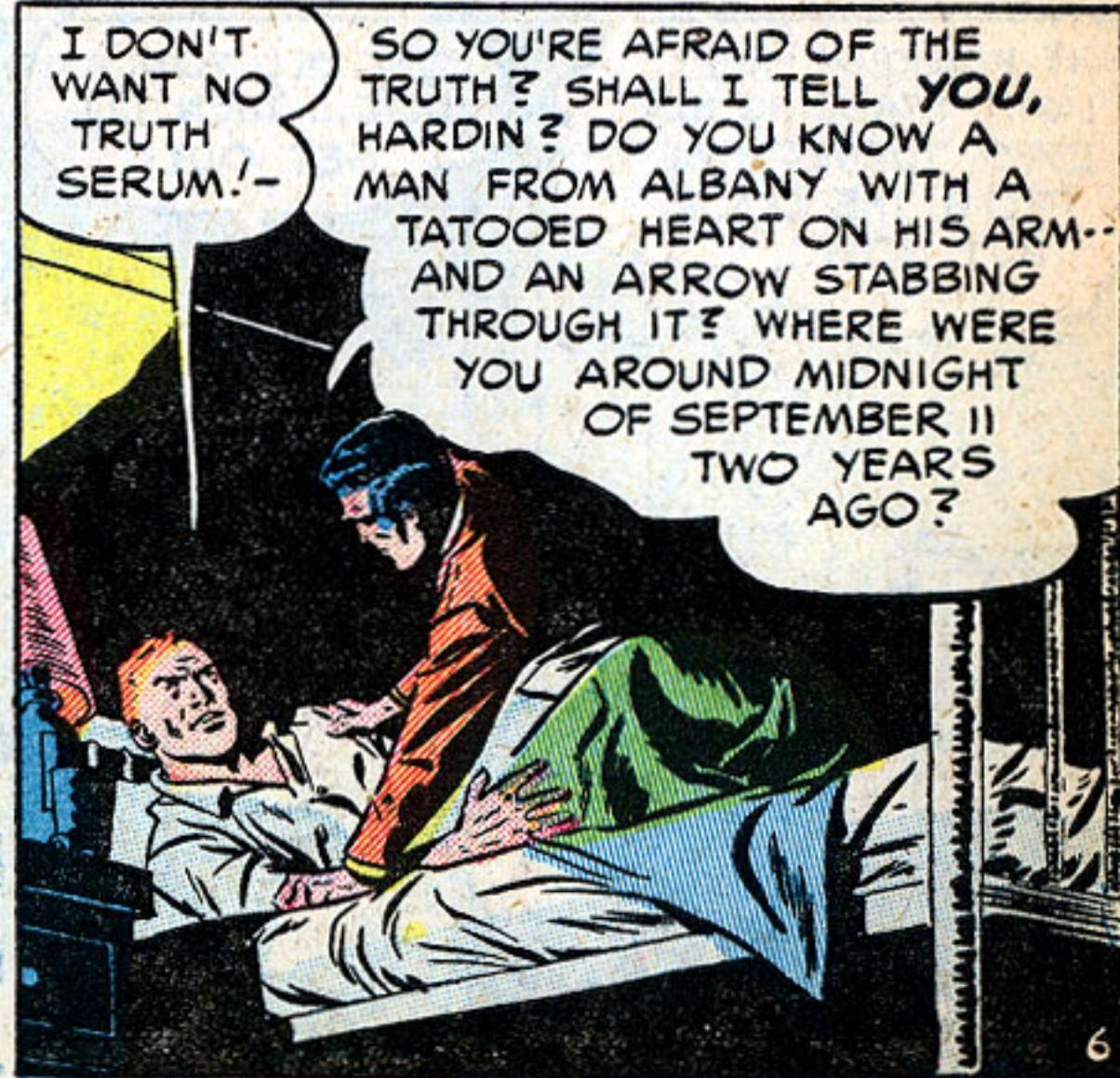
YOU DON'T MIND BEING STABBED WITH THIS HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, DO YOU? THIS WILL HELP YOUR NIGHTMARES, HARDIN! IT'S THE "TRUTH SERUM..."

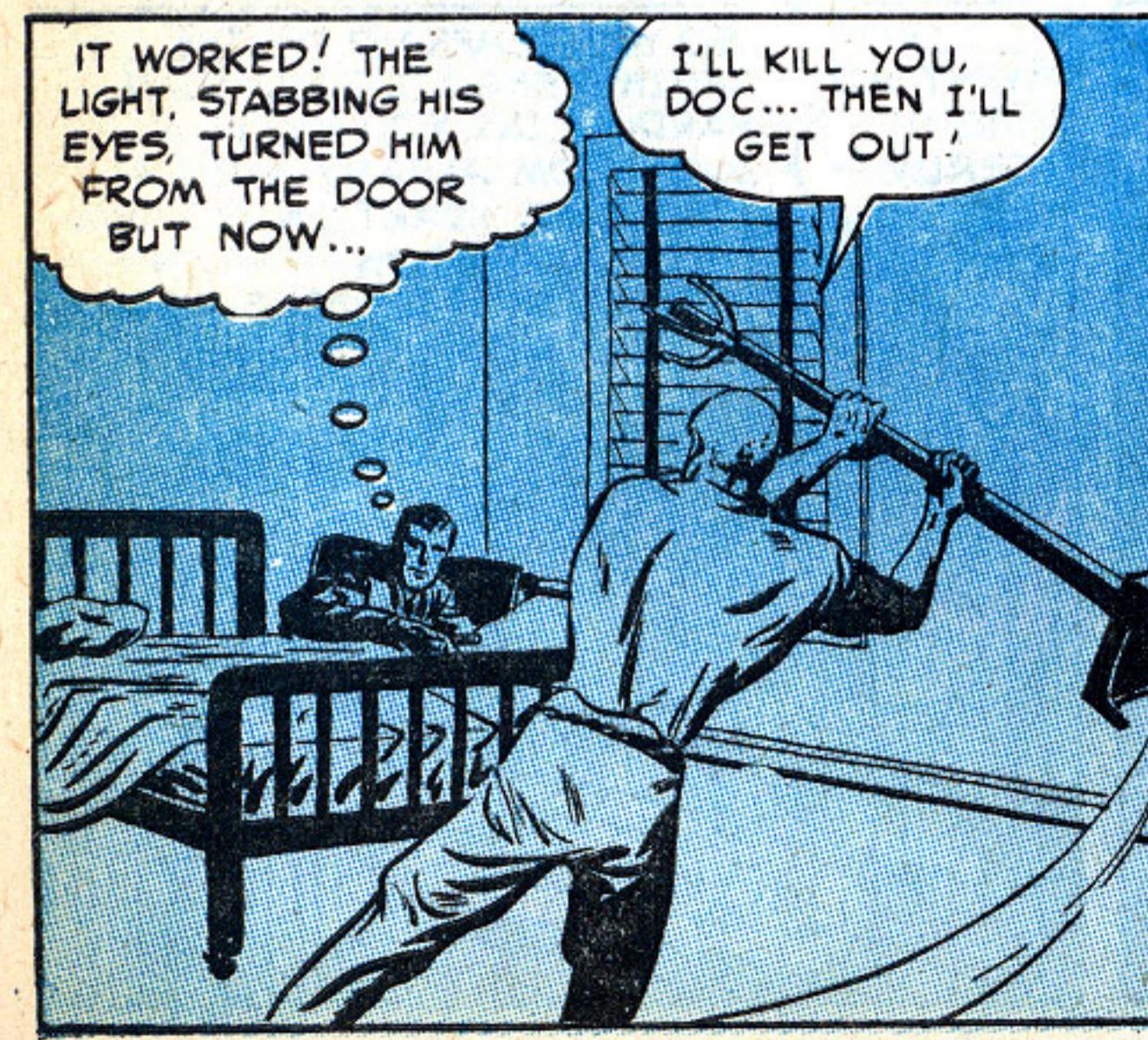
TAKE IT AWAY, DOC! IT'LL GIVE ME MORE NIGHTMARES!

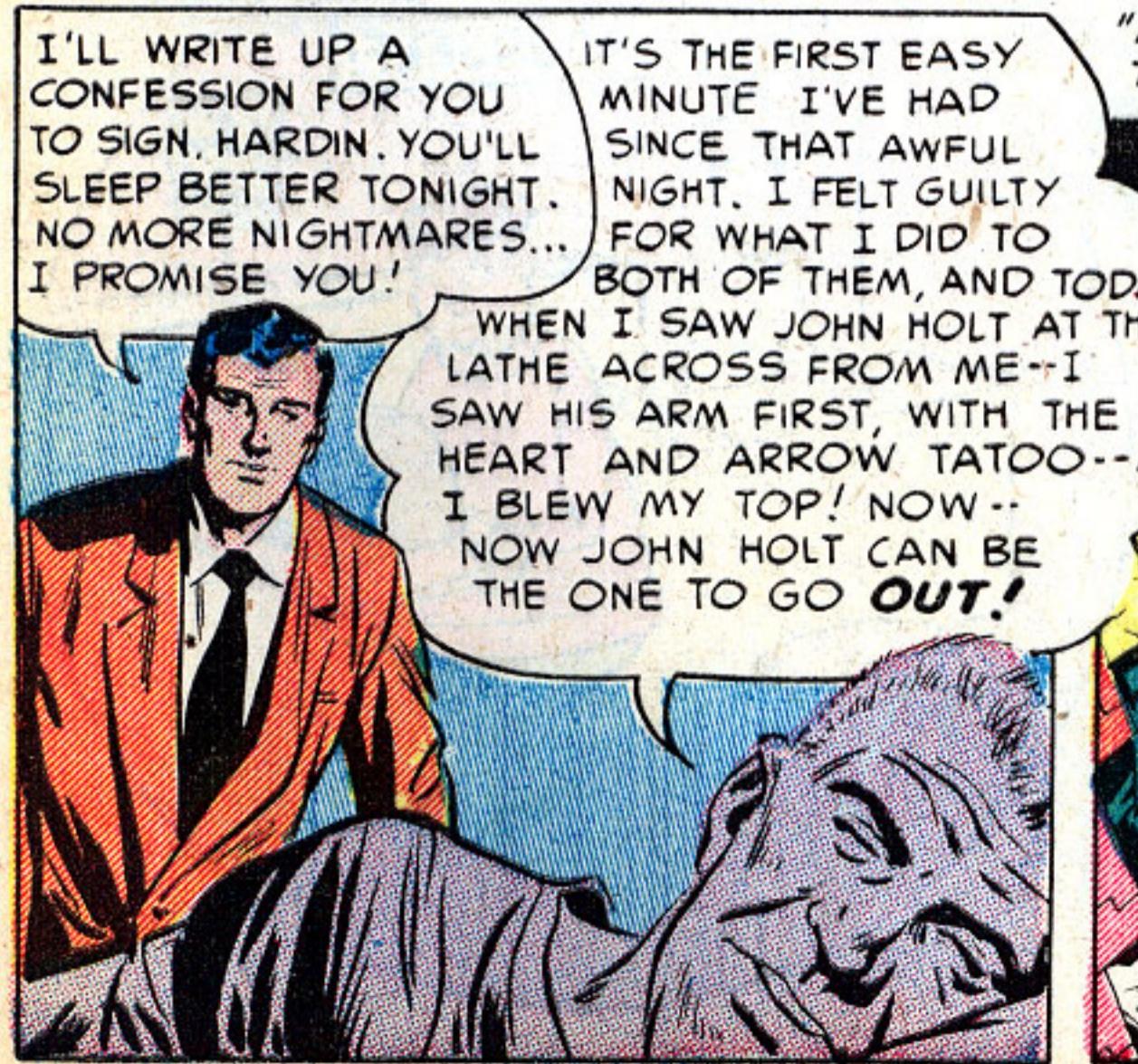
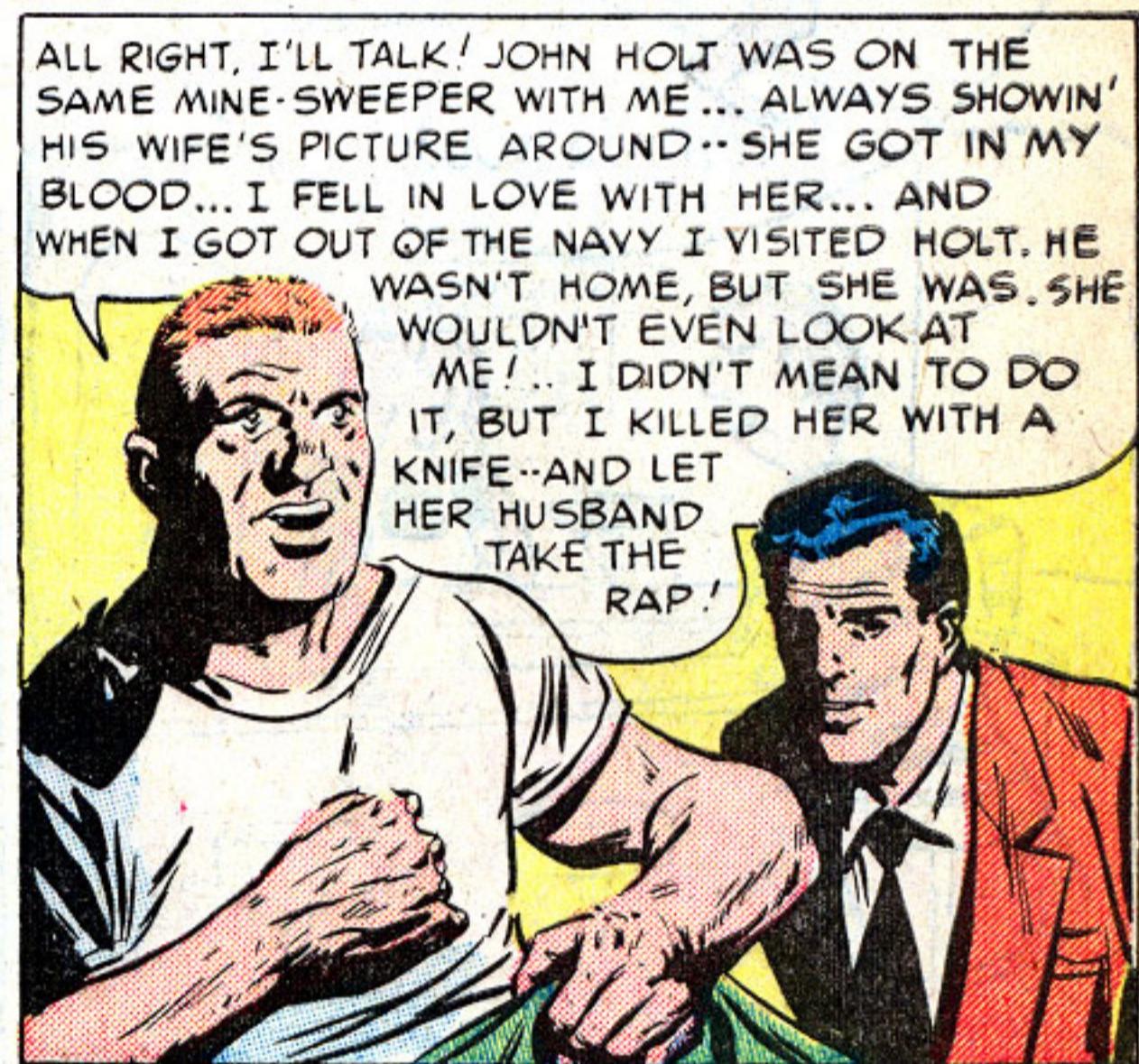


I DON'T WANT NO TRUTH SERUM!-

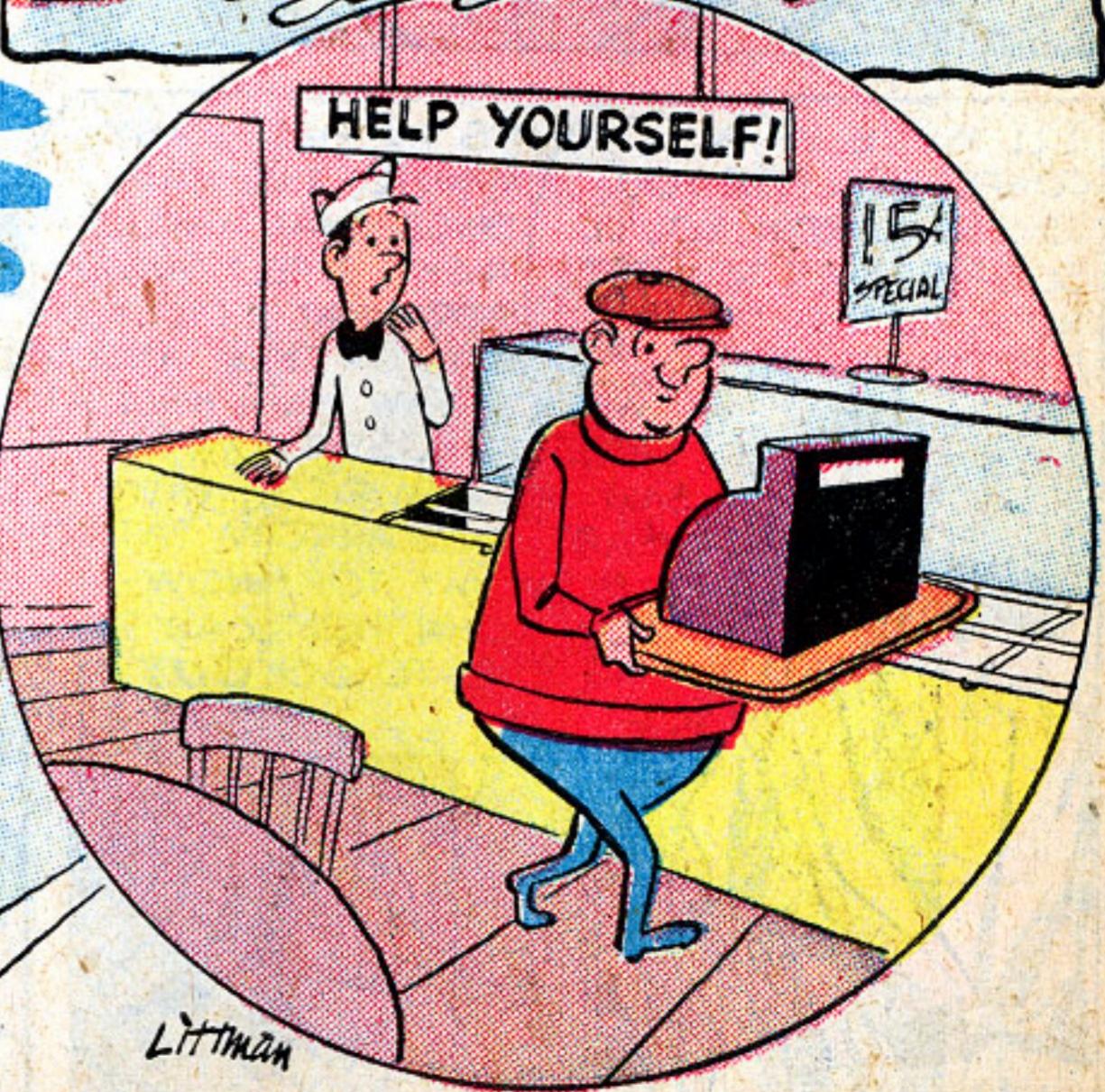
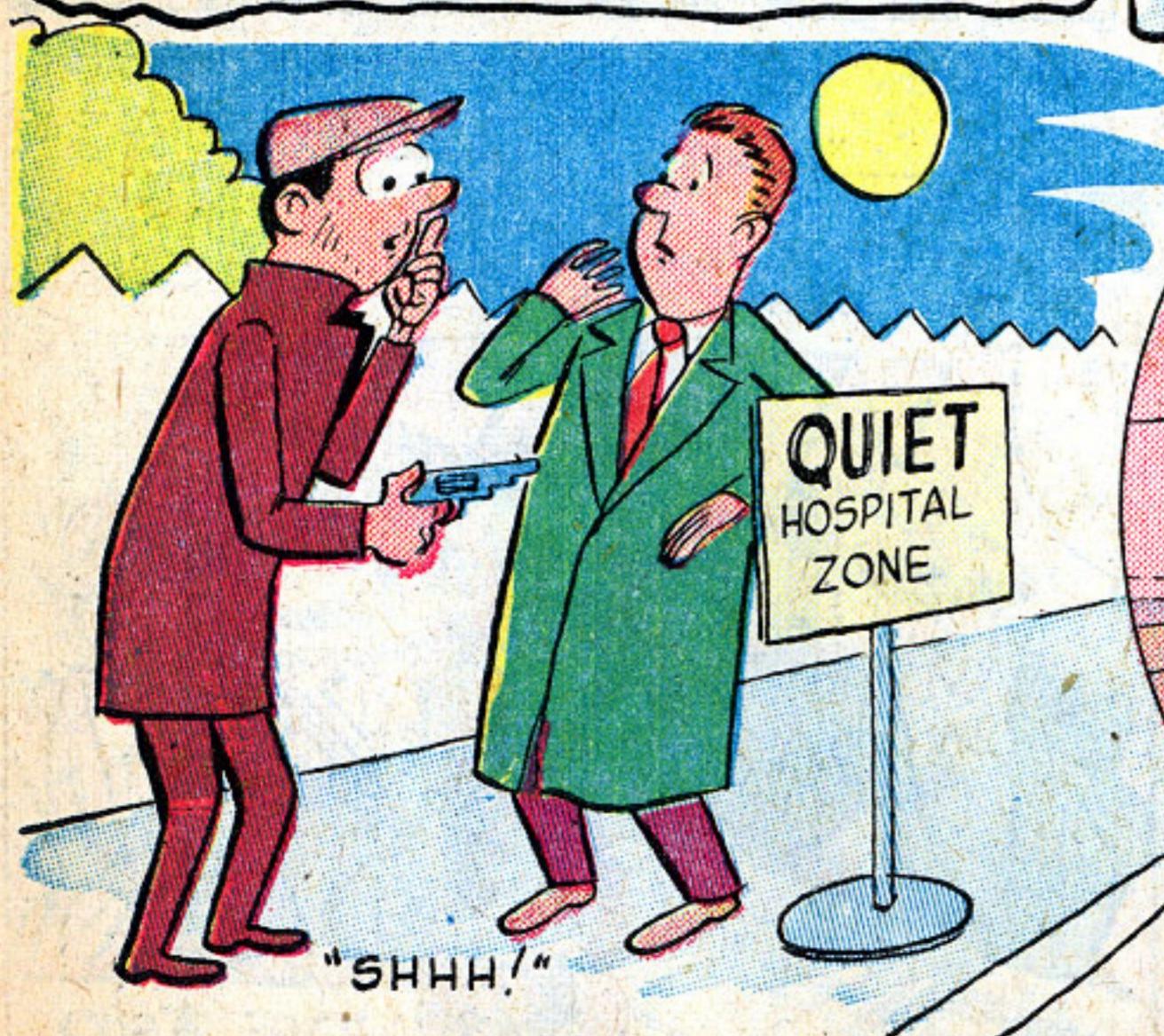
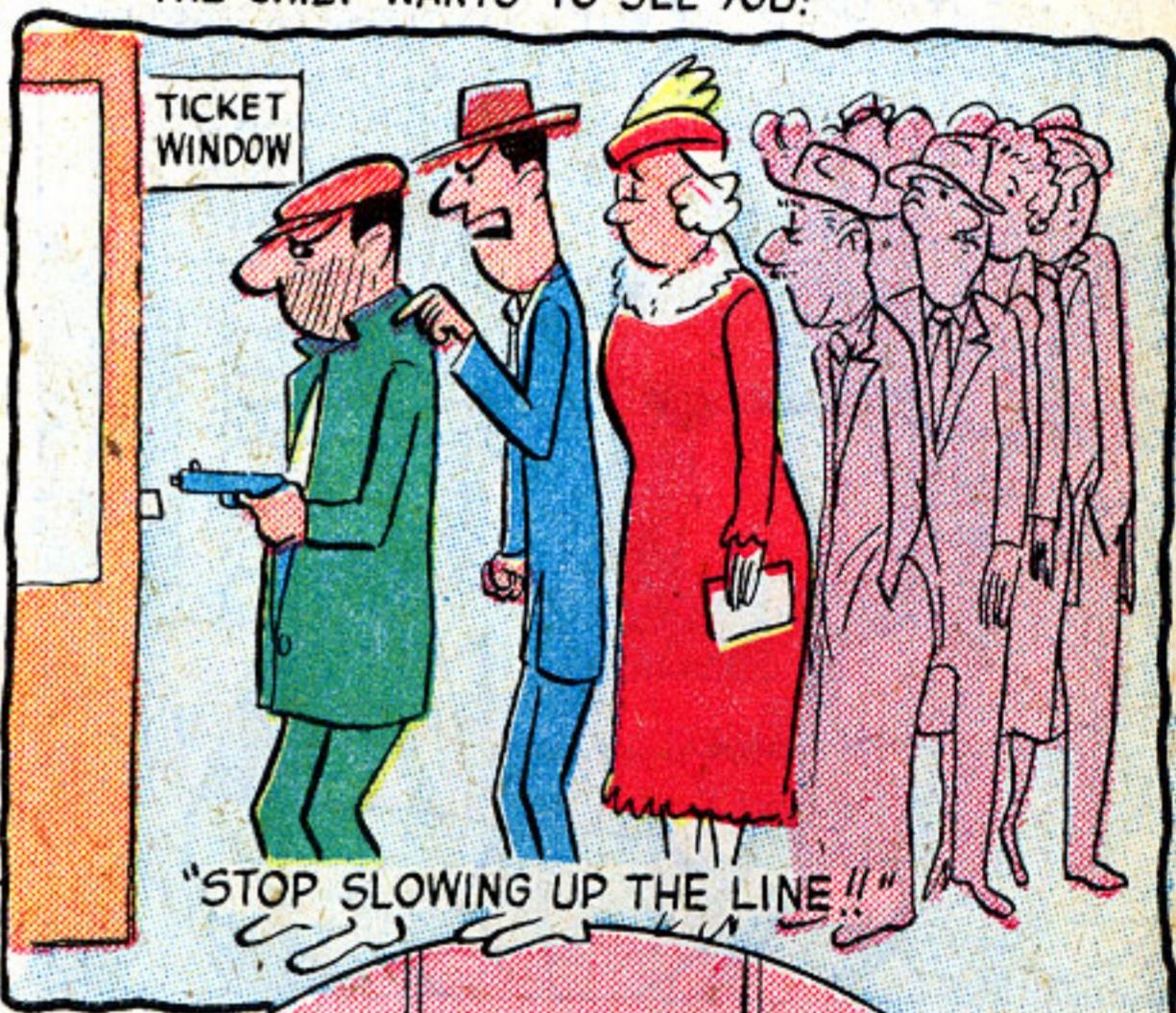
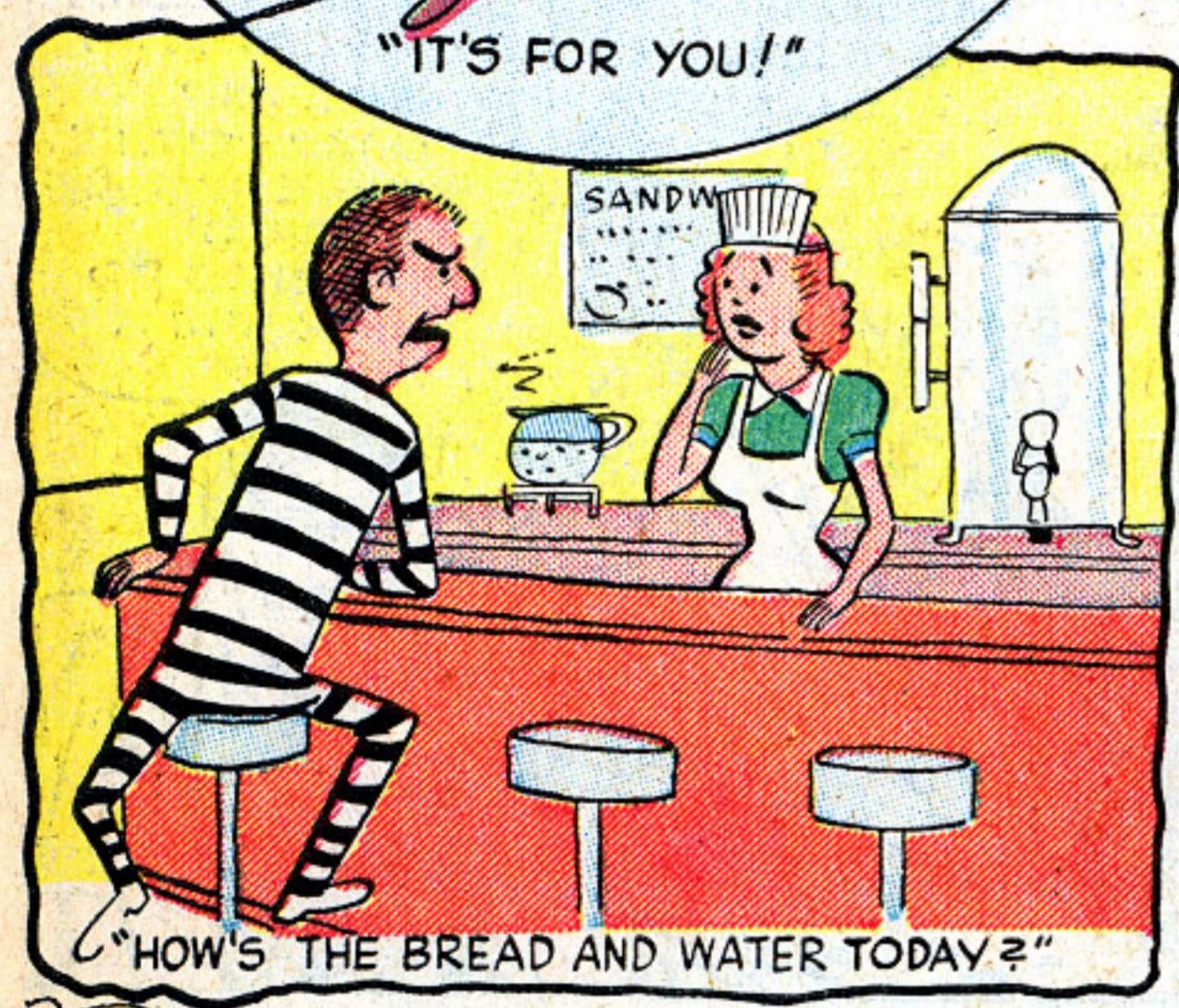
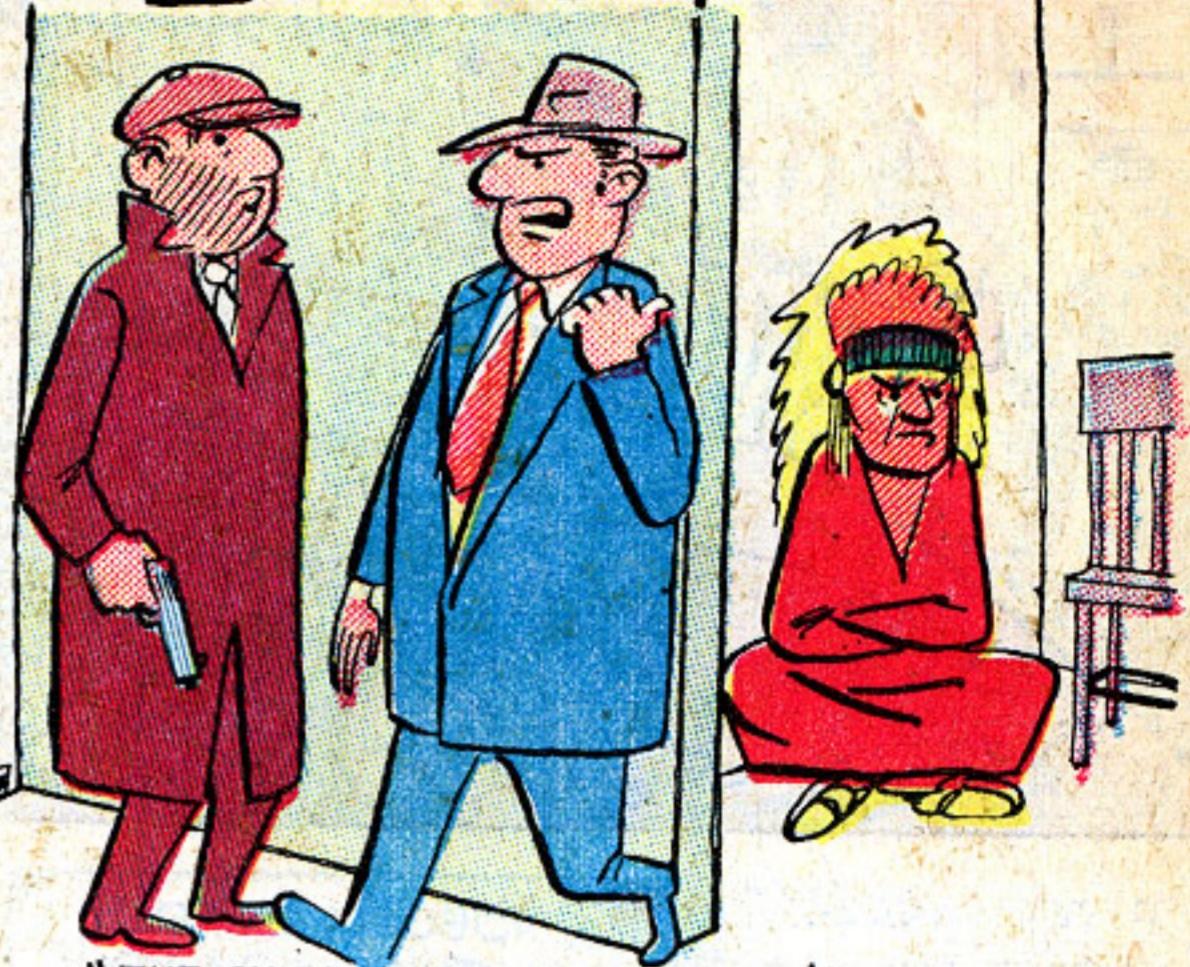
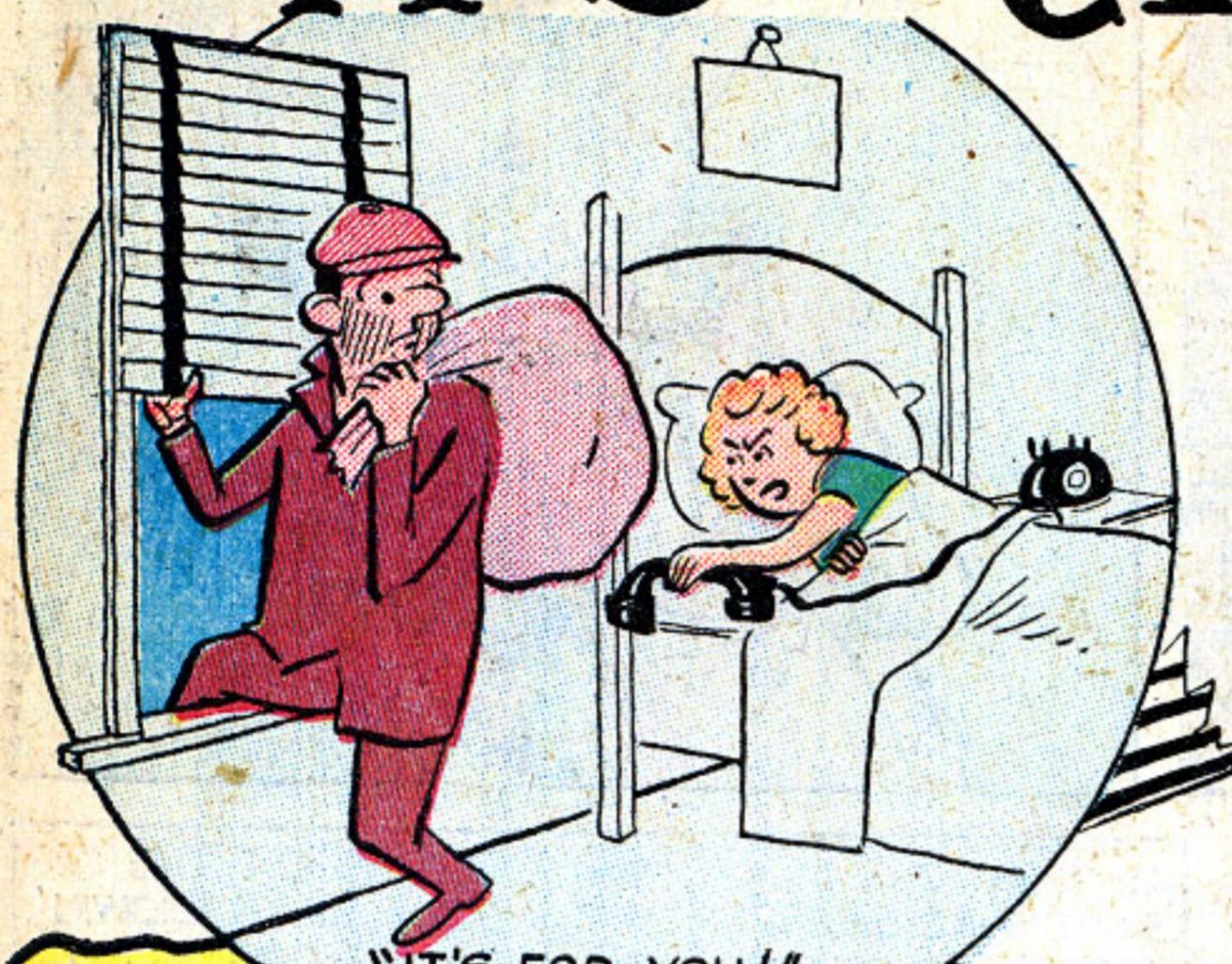
SO YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE TRUTH? SHALL I TELL YOU, HARDIN? DO YOU KNOW A MAN FROM ALBANY WITH A TATTOOED HEART ON HIS ARM-- AND AN ARROW STABBING THROUGH IT? WHERE WERE YOU AROUND MIDNIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 11 TWO YEARS AGO?







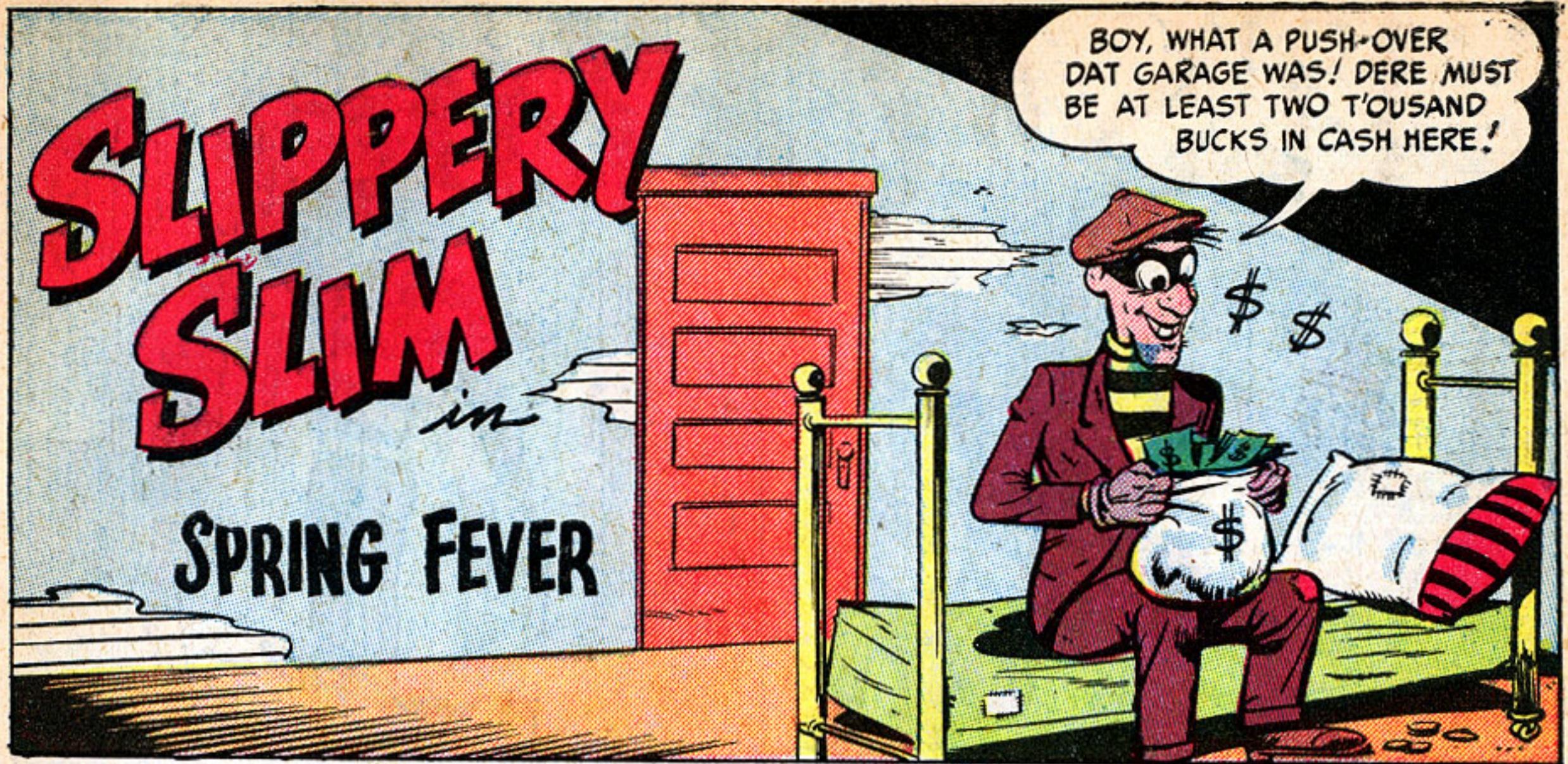
# IT'S A CRIME!



# SLIPPERY SLIM

## in SPRING FEVER

BOY, WHAT A PUSH-OVER DAT GARAGE WAS! DERE MUST BE AT LEAST TWO T'OUSAND BUCKS IN CASH HERE!



OPEN UP, SLIPPERY!!  
IT'S THE POLICE!  
WE KNOW YOU'RE  
IN THERE!

UH-OH!  
DE COPERS!!

BAM!  
BAM!

THIS IS THE 8TH FLOOR, AND WE'VE  
GOT THE ONLY DOOR COVERED! HE  
CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!!

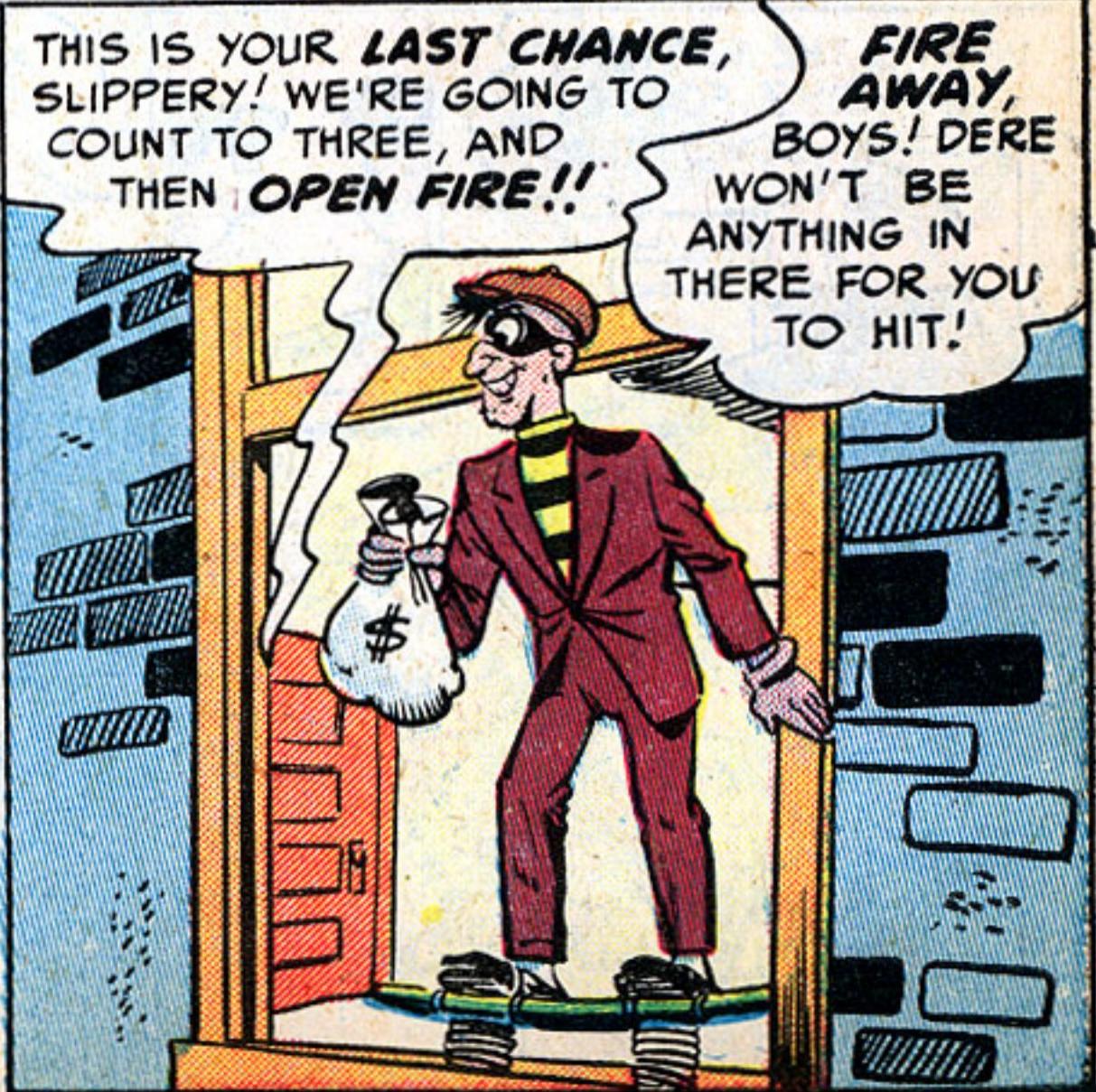
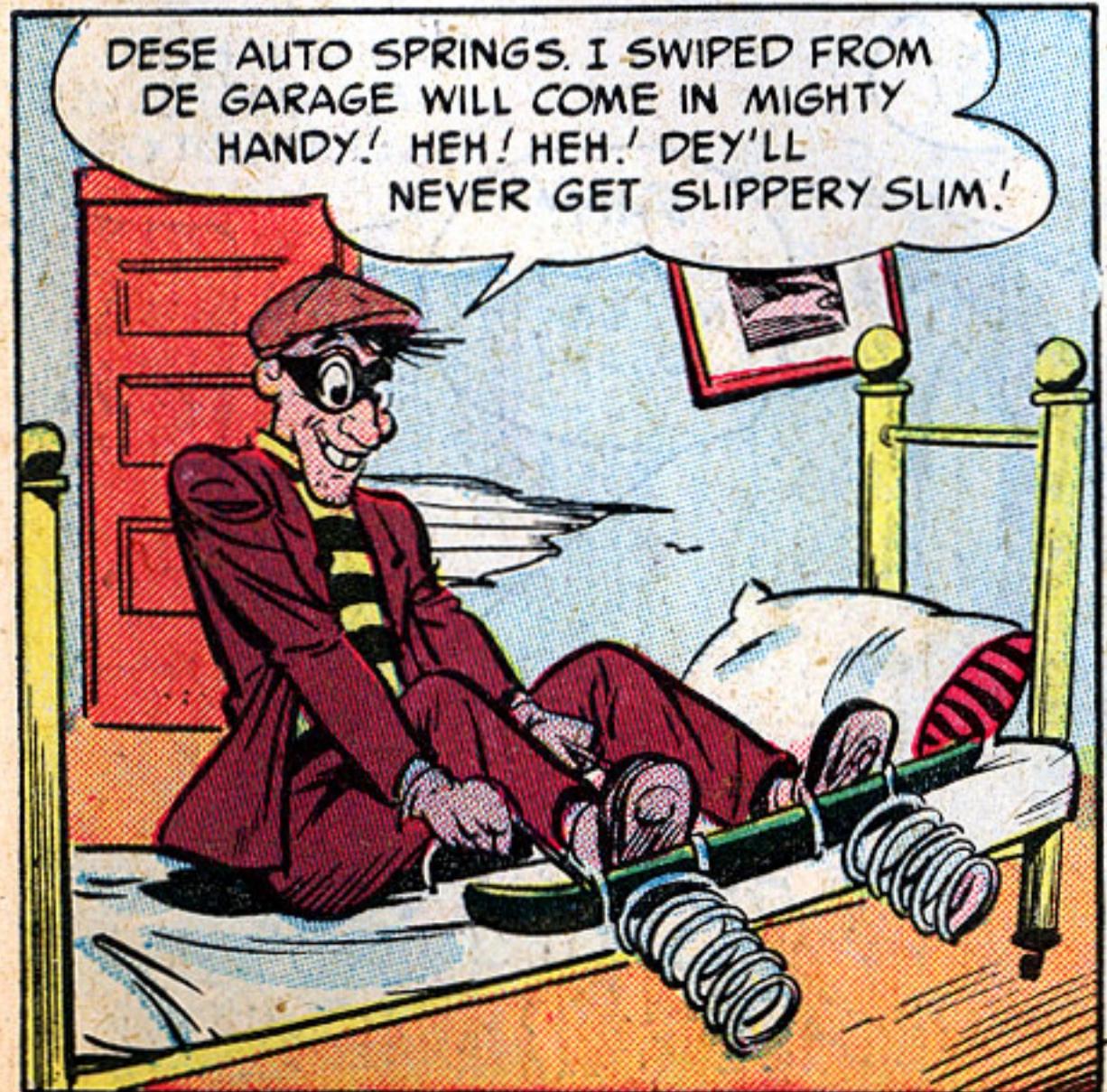
I DON'T  
KNOW! HE'S  
PRETTY  
TRICKY!

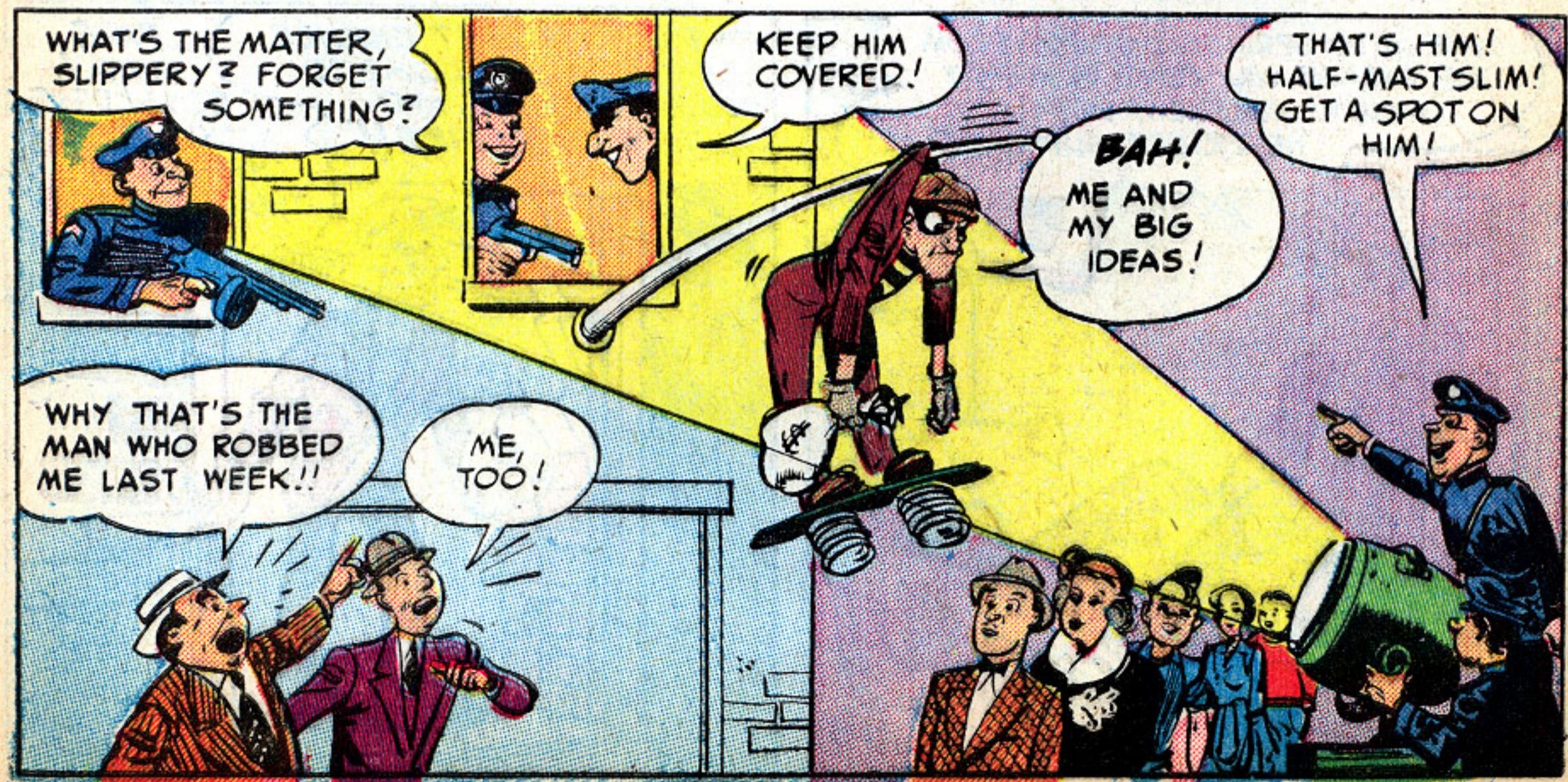
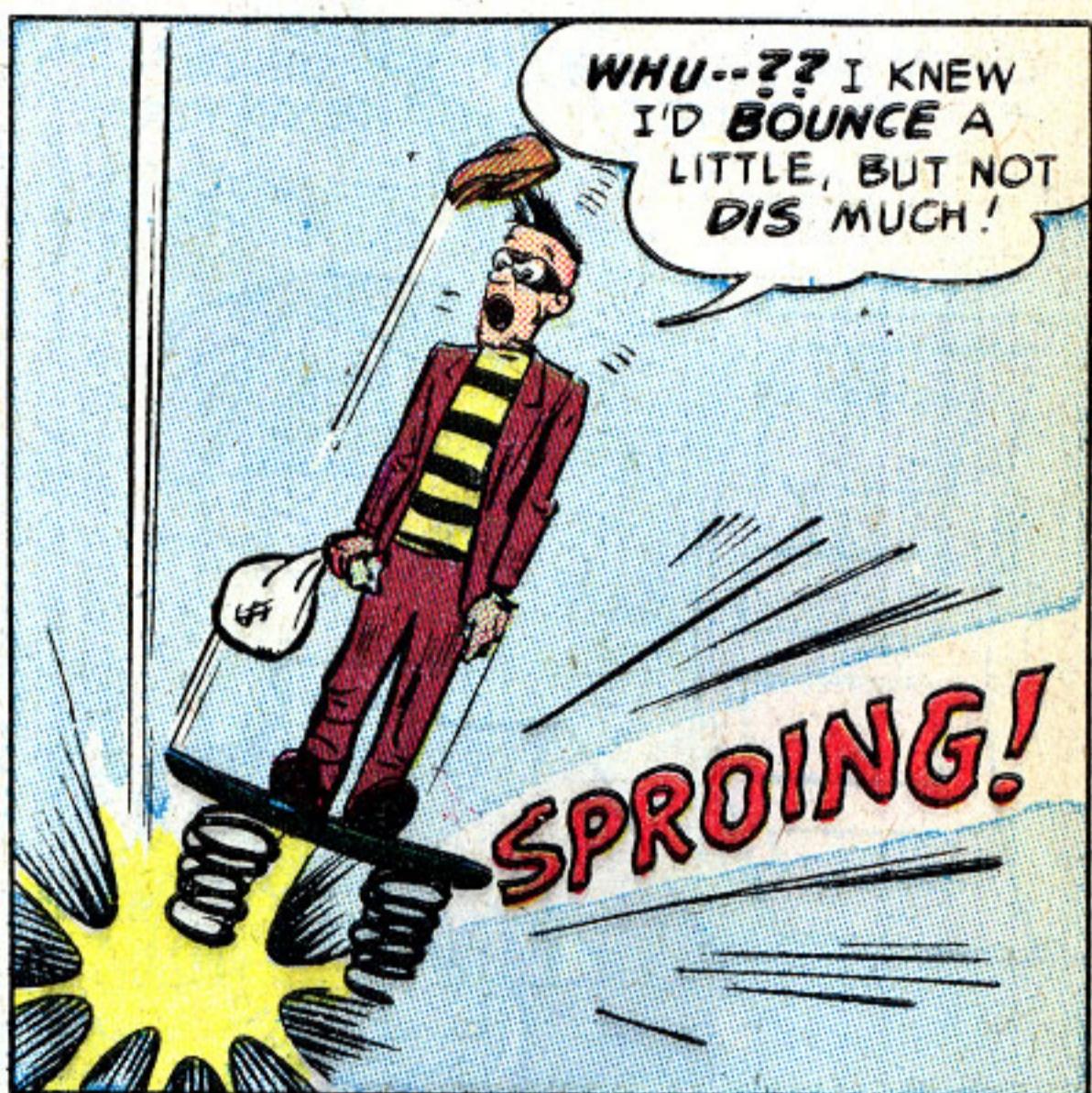
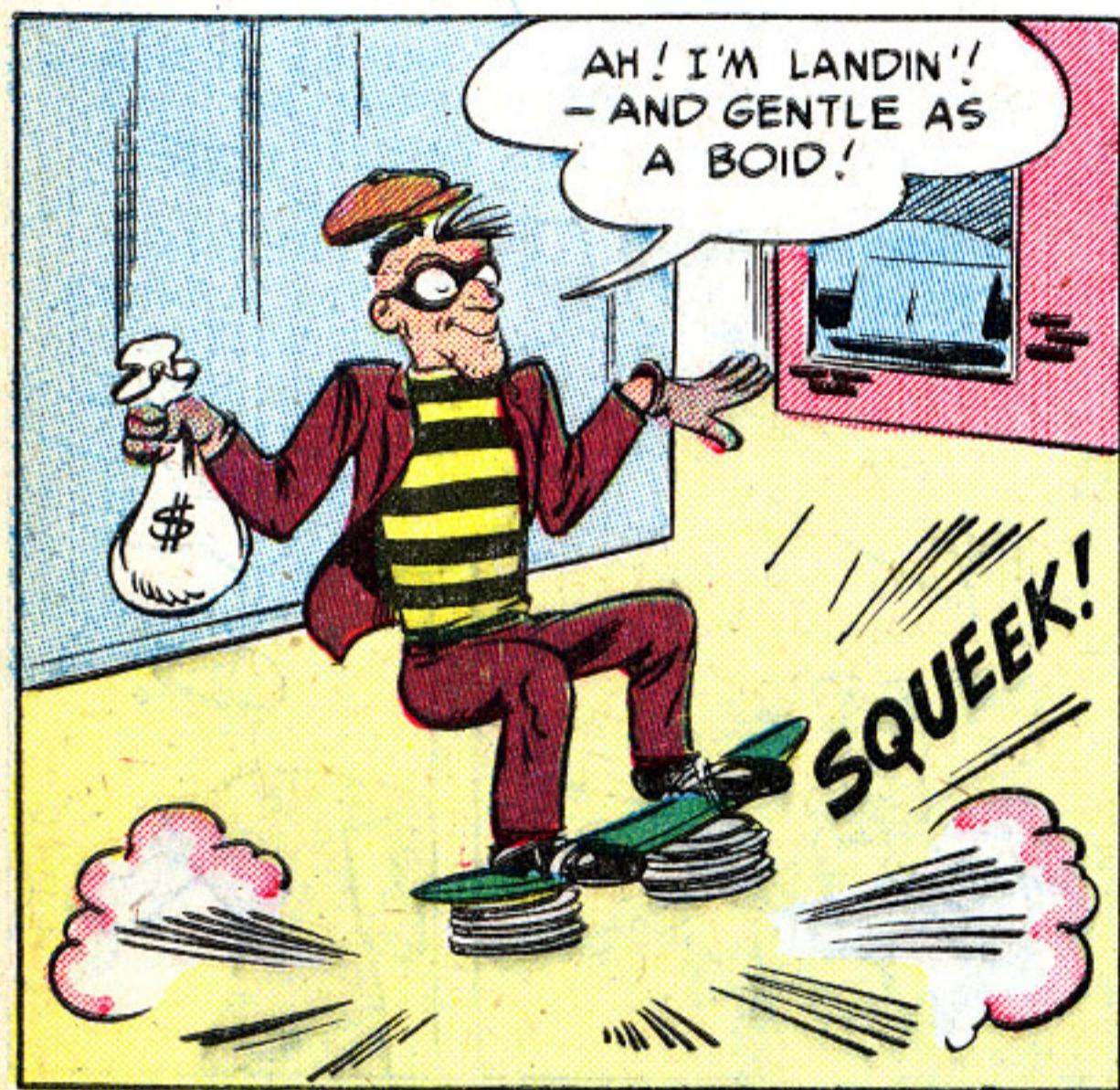
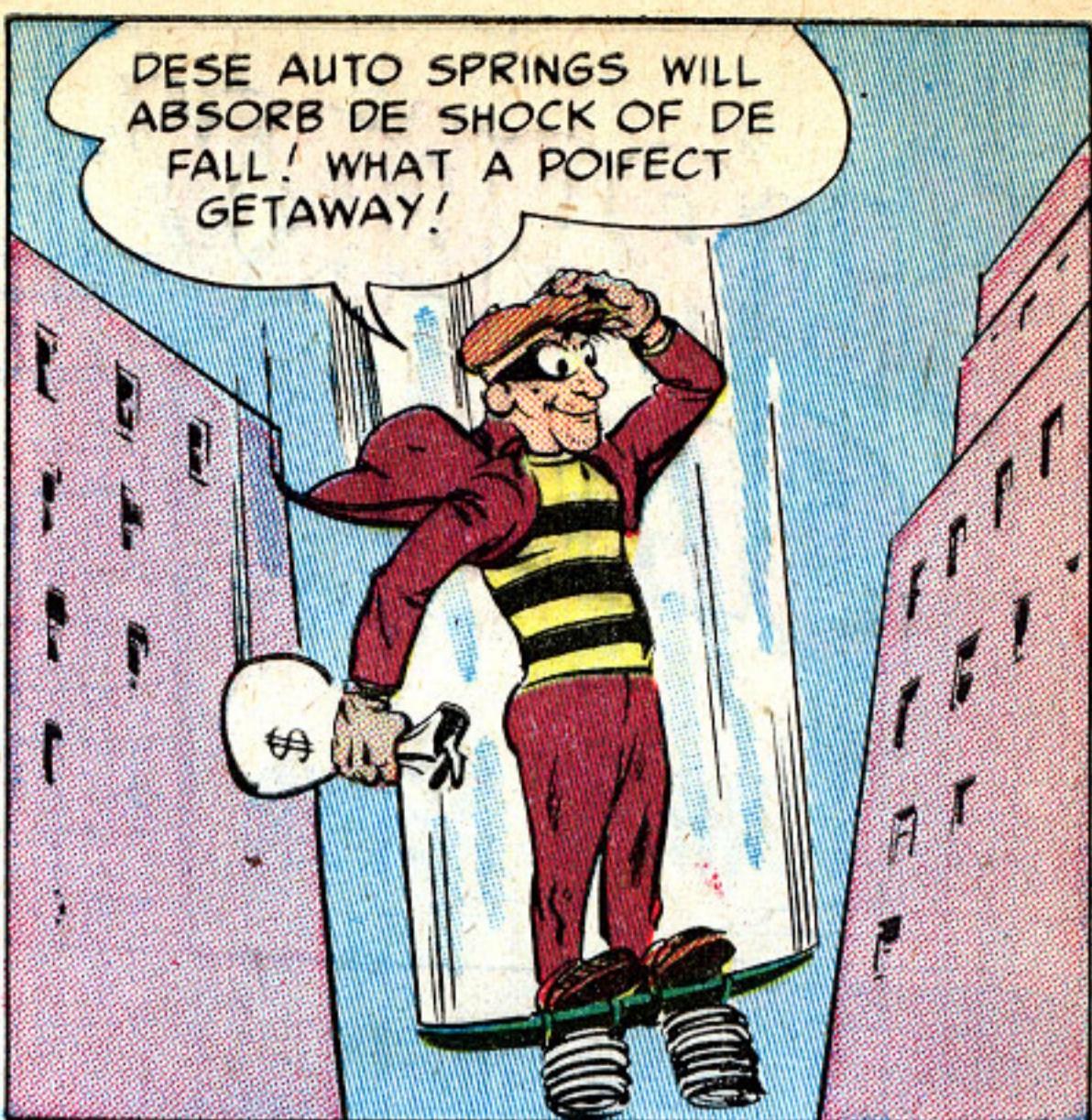
THEY'RE DARN  
RIGHT, I'M TRICKY!  
JUST WAIT'LL  
DEY SEE HOW I  
GET OUTA  
DIS ONE!

DESE AUTO SPRINGS I SWIPED FROM  
DE GARAGE WILL COME IN MIGHTY  
HANDY! HEH! HEH! DEY'LL  
NEVER GET SLIPPERY SLIM!

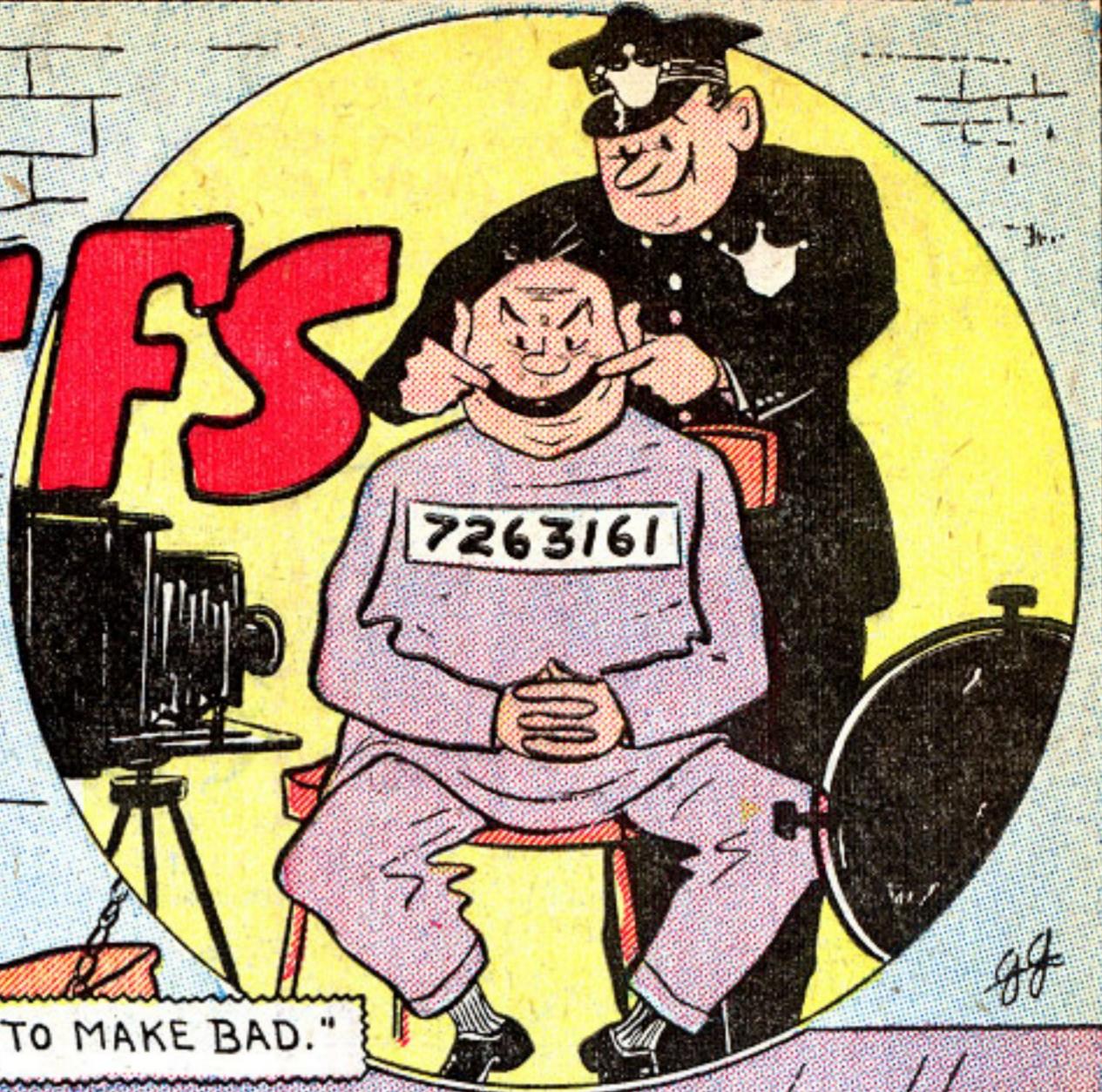
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE,  
SLIPPERY! WE'RE GOING TO  
COUNT TO THREE, AND  
THEN OPEN FIRE!!

FIRE  
AWAY,  
BOYS! DERE  
WON'T BE  
ANYTHING IN  
THERE FOR YOU  
TO HIT!

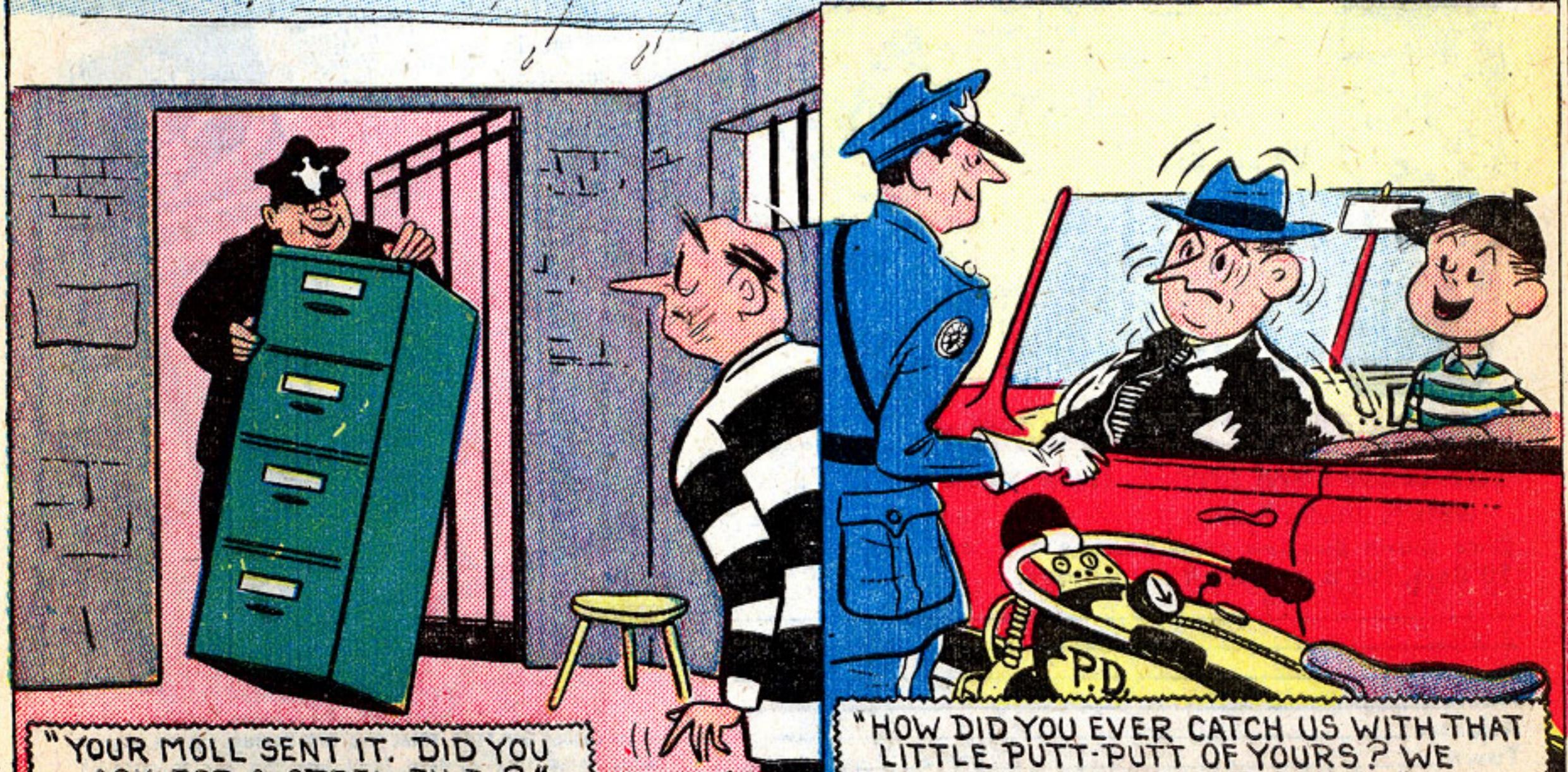
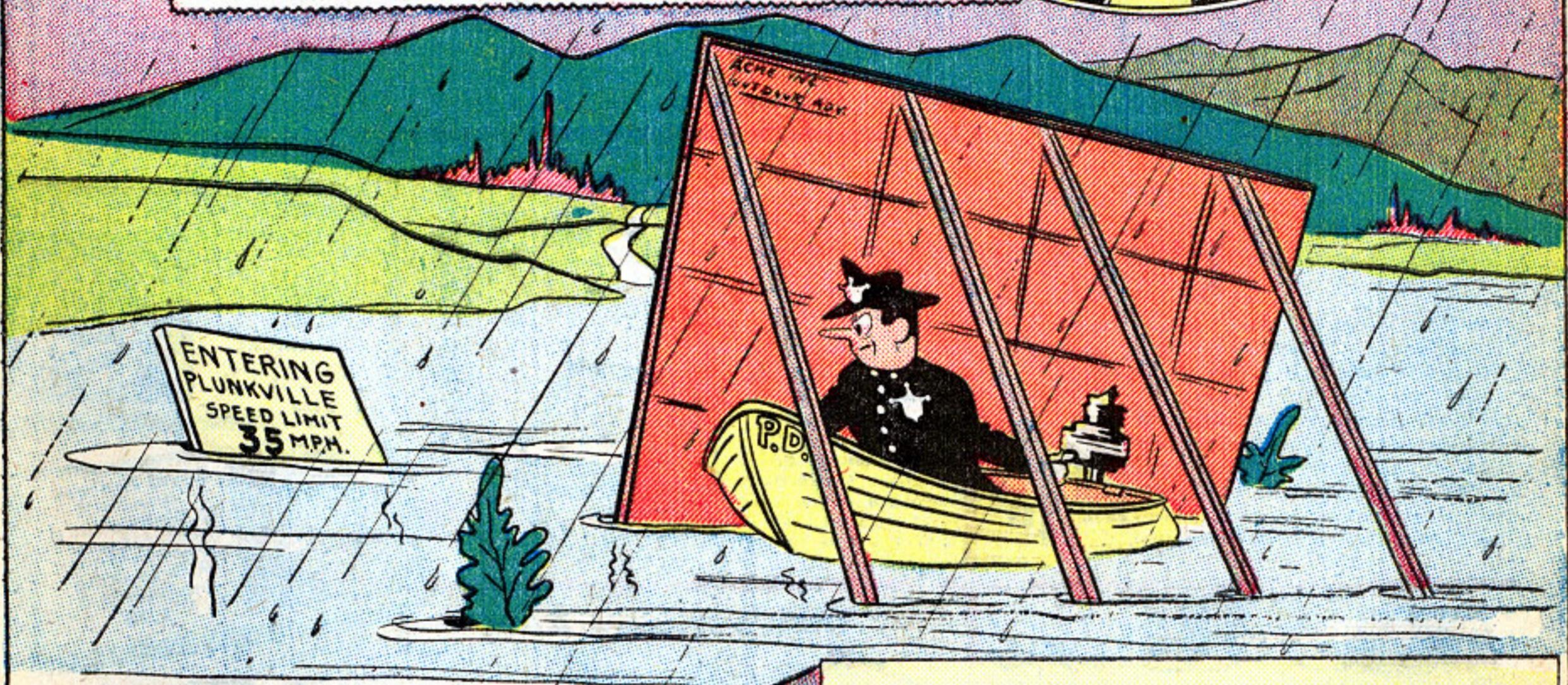




# LAW LAFS



"IT'S FROM AL, HE'S GOING EAST TO MAKE BAD."



"YOUR MOLL SENT IT. DID YOU ASK FOR A STEEL FILE?"

"HOW DID YOU EVER CATCH US WITH THAT LITTLE PUTT-PUTT OF YOURS? WE WERE DOING EIGHTY-FIVE."

# Amazing Values!



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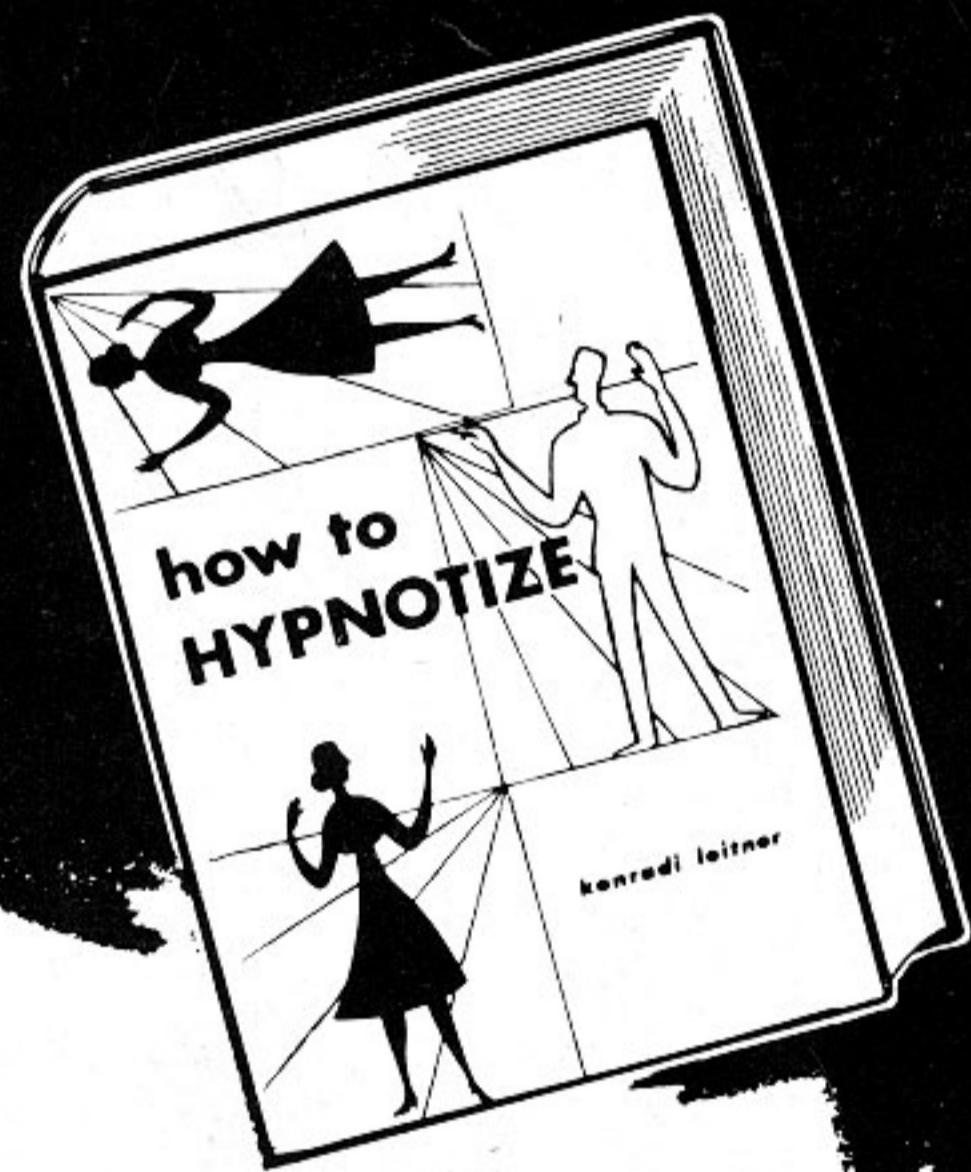
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